

THEATRE MAGAZINE

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Portrait by Lambert, of Bath

JAMES K. HACKETT as Othello

The distinguished American tragedian who has been made a Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur by the French Government for his triumphs in Paris and more recently nominated "the greatest Shakespearean actor of an epoch" by the London "Tatler" following his performances at the Birthday Festival in Stratford. Mr. Hackett, and his wife Beatrice Beckley, whose Desdemona has been likewise acclaimed, are expected to return shortly

THEATRE MAGAZINE

Edited by
ARTHUR HORNBLOW and
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Jr.



Olla Podrida

The Way to the Stage

AN attractive young girl came to see us the other day to ask how she might find employment on the stage. We see dozens such every month; they come to us in some belief that, being a theatrical magazine, we are in close harmony with the casting directors who wield the power of professional life or death along the Rialto. They do not realize that, even if we were what they think, we are in no position to recommend to those directors youngsters about whom we know nothing ourselves. But that does not prevent our feeling dispirited about their plight. Our heart aches for the talented young man or woman, gently born and bred, whose impulse to act carries them against the rigid railings and insolent young swine that guard the outer offices of the usual theatrical manager. There are only three managerial offices in New York to which a visit is not more or less concomitant to insult.

Were the difficulties of finding employment only in the outer office, however, the aspect might not be quite so cheerless. But where insult dwells without, extraordinary inefficiency in the matter of engaging personnel usually sits within. I know of only three managers who are capable of running their business, from the standpoint of so keeping in touch with the springing talent of the country that they can cast a play with intelligence and skill when the time comes for it.

Nine out of ten plays that open are badly cast. At least five of these are very badly cast. This, not so much because there are no actors capable of playing the parts, but because the system of casting is so absurd a one as practically to guarantee shoddy results. There may be more casting managers or directors who have an adequate filing record of available players and their possible uses, but I know of only one. Mr. Winthrop Ames keeps an exhaustive card file covering the virtues and defects of every applicant he interviews. It is a tribute to his judgment that there is in that file, graded some time ago over 90% in "personality," "intelligence," "acting ability," etc., names that today are among the foremost in the profession. Nobody casts a play better than Ames.

The usual system of casting calls for waiting until the last minute and then hurriedly sending for such available people as the mind of some alert agent can think up. The agents, in fact, are the most influential persons in the theatre today in the matter of getting jobs. Only the big names or those of personal acquaintances or old fellow-players are in the minds of the casting directors themselves. If the agent forgets an actor or a recent file of THEATRE MAGAZINE containing his picture is not within ready reach, however well suited he may be for a certain type of part and however much he may be available he will go without it. And as for the *newcomer!* Getting a bit of the moon is a more likely possibility than that

the newcomer will be given the hearing and the more important "remembering" he may deserve. This is rank folly. Not because it is hard on the newcomer, which it is. But because it is mighty bad business on the part of the producer. When will a general state of efficiency be introduced into the offices where casting is done? We don't know. Perhaps it never will. Perhaps the theatre is not a place for efficiency of any sort. Certainly there is ample evidence to that effect. But, at least, without proper casting there will rarely be proper casts. We are amazed that producers who at times show intelligence in other respects can continue this methodless method of remaining close to the moving world of talent.

The Navy as Theatrical Censor

SOMETHING in the nature of a "last straw" occurred recently at Indianapolis, when navy officials, acting wholly without authority in law or in ethics, stopped a vaudeville act because it travestied the navy! The extent of the travesty lay in some good-natured fun poked at the life of a sailor, which involved such treasonable dialogue as "What does U. S. stand for?" being answered by "Unlimited Scrubbing." According to the offended officials this sort of pernicious talk hampered enlistment and caused mothers to hinder their sons against entering the navy!

The act was stopped not only in Indianapolis but also in Buffalo, indicating that the navy's action was not simply the result of an isolated and local asininity but one spread properly about through naval channels and apparently approved and sustained as it progressed from one Patriot to another. The fact that the same act started during the war and has been on the boards for four years without interference indicates not so much that it is genuinely dangerous to the national safety as that the growing spirit of repression and dogmatic interference with liberty being increasingly exercised by the government is causing even naval petty officers to feel that they are entitled, in the name of that government, to make whatever preposterous and unwarranted intrusions they see fit to make.

The incident has a strong odor of the pre-war Germany that finally so came to offend us as to necessitate our destroying it. If the instance, which has been spread on the record by that excellent trade newspaper "Variety," were not so funny it would be pitiful, if not actually tragic. The officials who acted as reported should be seized upon and reprimanded by whatever agency of the government is able and intelligent enough to do it.



Portrait by W. F. Seely

PAULINE FREDERICK

Who returns to the stage this season after eight years of absence in "The Guilty One," a new drama by Michael Morton and Peter Traill. The play's New York premiere has had numerous postponements due to the great success it is enjoying in Chicago



Portrait by Arnold Genthe

MARYON VADIE

A young dancer of unusual beauty and sufficient talent to be billed throughout the country as the "American Genee" by the discriminating gentlemen who pick headliners for the Keith theatres. Miss Vadie is a pupil of the leading classical and ballet masters and is a native of Los Angeles

Enter the Artist—As Director

Observations at First Hand on Strides being Made by Continental Craftsmen

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

With Sketches by Robert Edmond Jones

THE scenic designer is a modern product. He was unknown to Molière or Shakespeare; the tailor was their only artist. Except for incidental music, the costume seems to have been the one field in which another talent than that of the actor or director invaded the theatre from Greek days until the last of the seventeenth century.

There were designers of scenery in the Renaissance, but they kept to the court masques. The advent of Italian opera—a development easy to trace from the court masque—brought the painter upon the stage. The next two hundred years left us the names of a few scenic artists, but only a few. It was not until the twentieth century—when, curiously enough, Realism was in the saddle—that the painter of distinction turned towards the stage. I doubt if any one more talented than a good carpenter or an interior decorator was needed to achieve the actuality which the realist demanded. When artists of distinction or designers with a flair for the theatre appeared at the stage door, it was because they saw Shakespeare or Goethe, von Hofmannsthal or Maeterlinck, sending in their cards to Irving or Reinhardt or Stanislavsky.

Now what are the relations that this modern phenomenon has established with the theatre through the medium of the director? Ordinarily they differ very much from the attitude that existed between the old-fashioned scenic artist and the director, the attitude that still exists in the case of most scenic studios. This is the relationship of the shopkeeper and the buyer. The director orders so many settings from the studio. Perhaps he specifies that they are to be arranged in this or that fashion, though usually, if the director hasn't the intelligence to employ a thoroughly creative designer, he hasn't the interest to care what the setting is like so long as it has enough doors and windows to satisfy the dramatist.

CO-OPERATIVE RELATION COMMONEST

Occasionally you find a keen, modern director, for one reason or another, has to employ an artist of inferior quality. Then it is the director's ideas and conceptions and even rough sketches and plans that are executed, not the artist's. In Stockholm, for example, Harold André so dominates the official scene painter of the Opera that the settings for "Macbeth" are largely André's in design, though they are Thorolf Jansson in execution.

The commonest relation of the director and the designer has been co-operative. The artist has brought a scheme of production to the director as often, perhaps, as the director has brought such a scheme

to the artist. The director has then criticised, revised, even amplified the artist's designs and brought them to realization on the stage. And then the artist and the director, arranging lights at the final rehearsals, come to a last co-operation which may be more important to the play than any that has gone before.

You find, however, constant evidence of how the artist runs ahead of the director

This arrangement is extraordinarily fine as a living picture, and as an expression of the mood of the scene. Moreover, it is a triumph for the artist, because it is an idea in direction as well as setting. It dictates the movement of the player and manages it in the best possible way. There can be no other action for Samson in this set, and no other could be so appropriate and effective.

Examples of similar dictation by the artist—though none so striking—come to mind. In Frankfort, Sievert arranges the settings for Strindberg's "Towards Damascus" in a way that contributes dramatic significance to the movement of the players. The piece is in seventeen scenes; it proceeds through eight different settings to reach, in the ninth, a church, and from the ninth the hero passes back through the eight in reverse order until he arrives at the spot where the action began. Sievert saw an opportunity to use the revolving stage, as well as elements of design in a way interpreting and unifying the play. He placed all nine scenes on the "revolver," and he made the acting floor of each successive setting a little higher than the last. This results in rather narrow rooms and a seashore bounded by formal yellow walls, but it permits an obvious unity, it shows visually the path that the hero is to follow, and it symbolizes his progress as a steady upward movement towards the church.

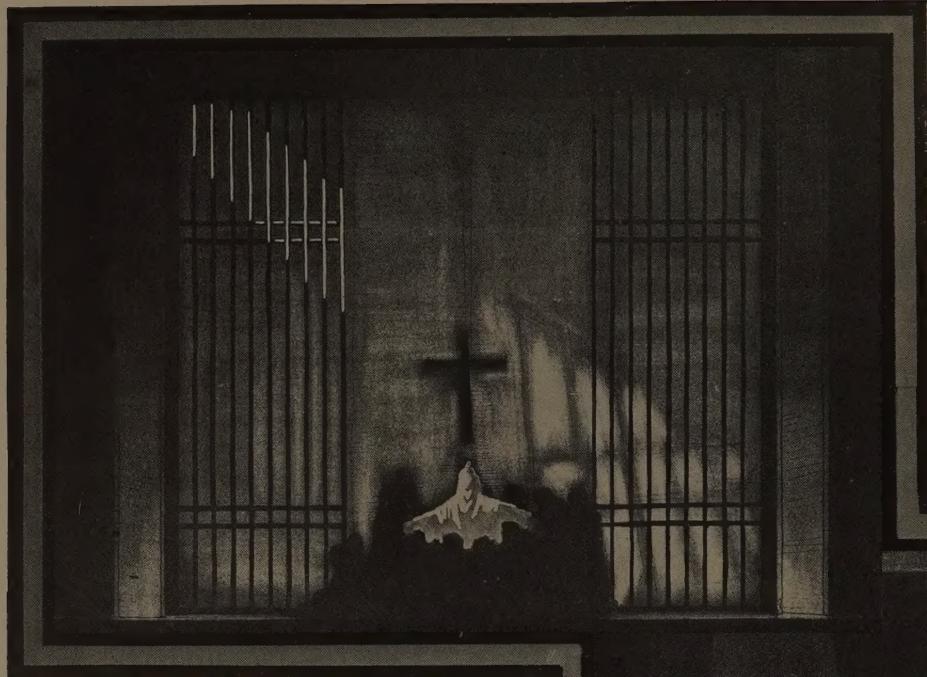
Sometimes the artist and director are the same, as with Pitoeff in Geneva and Paris, and with Kunt Strom in Gothenburg, Sweden. In such a case setting, direction and acting are one. But ordinarily there is a division of responsibility, and an opportunity for the modern artist to play a part in the production of a drama as important as the painters in the old court masques. Just how important it may prove to be is bound up, I think, with the future of the theatre as a physical thing and with the temperament of the artist. Working as a designer of picture-settings, the artist can only suggest action, but not dictate it, through the shapes and atmosphere he creates.

THE PICTURE-SETTING TO GO

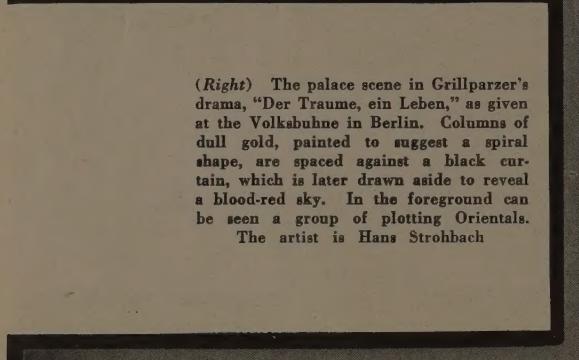
THE important thing is that almost all the designers of real distinction in Europe are tending steadily away from the picture-setting. They are constantly at work upon plans for breaking down the proscenium type of production, and for reaching a simple platform stage or podium upon which the actor should present himself frankly as an actor. This means, curiously enough, that the designers of scenery are trying to eliminate scenery, to abolish their vocation. And this in turn should indicate,

The immediate question is obviously this: If the director cannot acquire the talents of the artist, why cannot the artist acquire the talents of the director? If the knack of visual design and the keen appreciation of physical relationships cannot be cultivated in a man who does not possess them by birth, is it likewise impossible for the man who possesses them to acquire the faculty of understanding and drawing forth emotion in the actor?

in the creation of details of production which have a large bearing on the action as well as on the atmosphere of the play. Isaac Grünewald brought a setting to the mill scene in "Samson and Delilah," as produced by André in Stockholm, which was not only singularly dramatic, but which forced the direction into a single course. The usual arrangement is the flat mill stone with a long pole against which Samson pushes, treading out a large circle as the stone revolves. The actor is always more or less visible and there is no particular impression of a cruel machine dominating a human being. Grünewald changed all this by using a primitive type of vertical mill wheel. The stage is in darkness except for one shaft of light striking sideways across. The great wheel is set well down in front within a low circular wall. Along this wall Samson walks, pushing against a short pole that sticks out from the centre of one face of the narrow mill stone. As he pushes, the stone swings about and also revolves. This allows the beam of light to catch first a thin crescent at the top of the curving edge of the wheel, then a wider and wider curve, until suddenly, as Samson swings into view, the light brings out the flat face of the wheel like a full moon. Against this the actor is outlined for his aria. Then while the orchestra plays, he pushes the wheel once more around.

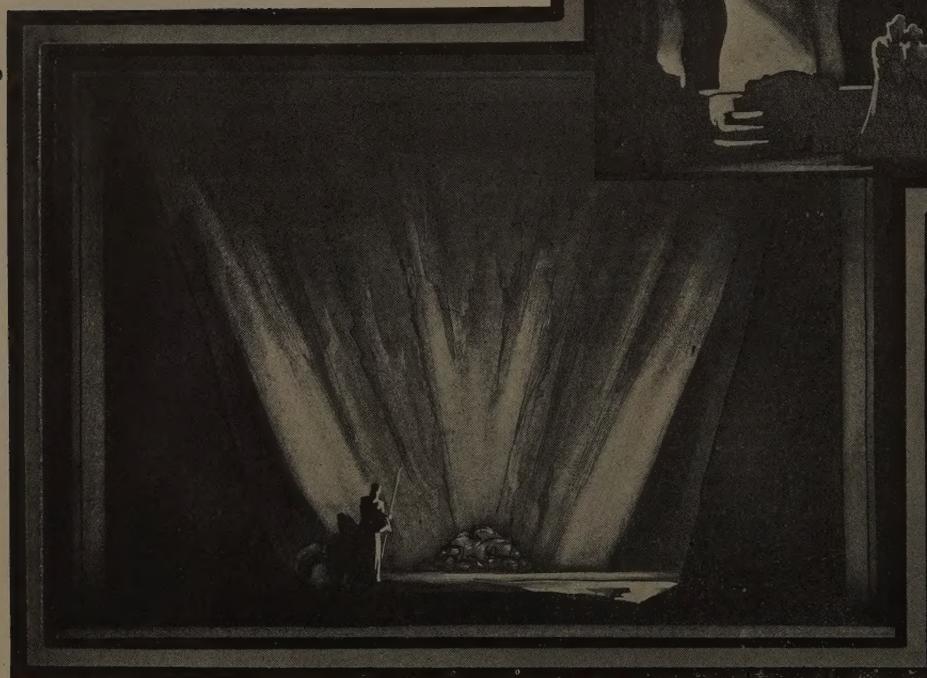


(Left) The prison in Schiller's "Maria Stuart," as produced by Richard Weichert at the Frankfort Municipal Theatre. The artist, Ludwig Sievert, has indicated the prison by black grills. Against the gray wall, Mary, gowned and veiled in white, bids farewell to her attendants before she goes to execution.



(Right) The palace scene in Grillparzer's drama, "Der Traume, ein Leben," as given at the Volksbuhne in Berlin. Columns of dull gold, painted to suggest a spiral shape, are spaced against a black curtain, which is later drawn aside to reveal a blood-red sky. In the foreground can be seen a group of plotting Orientals.

The artist is Hans Strohbach

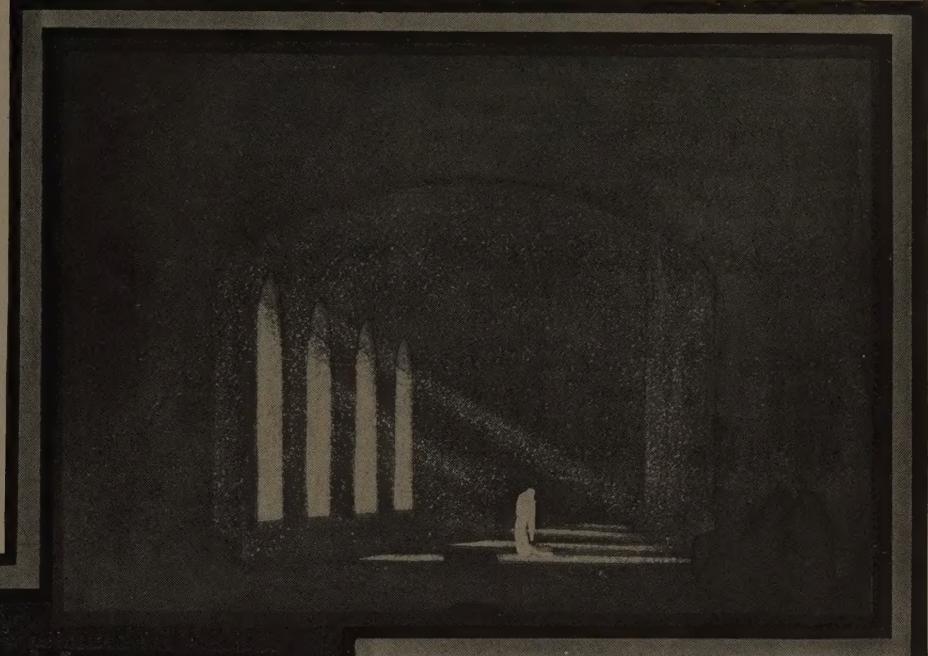


(Left) *Das Rheingold*: Alberich's cave. A setting designed by Linnebach and Pasetti for the National Theatre in Munich. The feeling of a cavern is produced by a backdrop painted with lines suggesting rock formations, and excellently lighted. A noteworthy example of the artist's replacement of the old "scenic artist."



ROBERT EDMOND JONES SKETCHES SOME
In His Wanderings With Macgowan through Europe Our Own Noted Designer

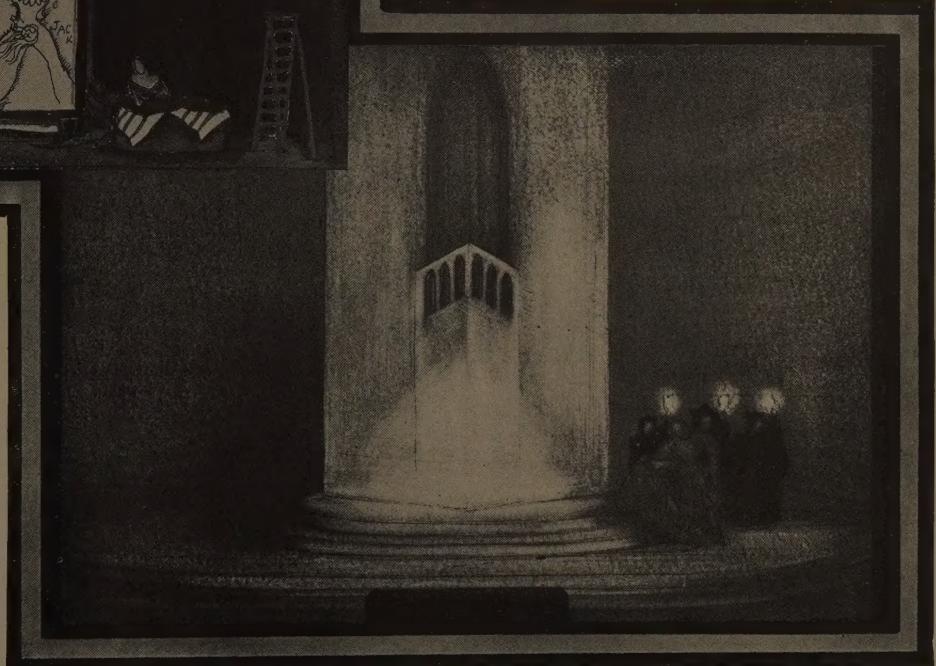
(Right) The sleep-walking scene from Verdi's "Macbeth" as produced by Harald André at the Royal Opera in Stockholm. A simple and impressive setting done under the earlier influence of Gordon Craig. No one more than Craig has encouraged the artist's development in the theatre of today.



(Left) Georges Pitoeff's arrangement of "He Who Gets Slapped," in Paris. The stage is draped in black curtains. Red ribbons are looped from the proscenium arch to indicate by their curves a circus tent. The actors make their entrances from behind a large poster. This arrangement is markedly different to the realistic setting made by Simonson for the Theatre Guild.



(Right) The first scene from "Othello" as staged by Jessner at the State Theatre in Berlin. On long curved steps, which remain through the play, the artist, Emil Pirchan, places the barest indications of setting. A narrow wall and a balcony, gleaming like a moonstone, make Brabantio's palace.



STRIKING EXAMPLES OF EUROPEAN STAGECRAFT

Finds the Foreign Artist Stepping Successfully Into the Role of Director

that the artist has his eye on something else beside being an artist.

The director who works in such a new theatre as the artists desire—in the Redoubtensaal in Vienna, for example, the theatre without proscenium, wings or backdrops, which the Austrian government has made out of the ballroom of Marie Theresa—requires an artist to work with him, who sees drama in terms of the arrangement of action upon steps, and against properties or screens. This is ordinarily the business of the director in our picture-frame theatre. With the work of the artist enchantingly visible in the setting behind the actors, the director can get away reasonably well with the aesthetic problems of the relation of actors and furniture and of actors and actors. Nobody notes his shortcomings in this regard. Put him upon an almost naked stage, and he must not only make his actors far more expressive in voice and feature, but he must also do fine things with their bodies and their meagre surroundings. This is far easier for a pictorial artist than for the director, who is usually an actor without a well-trained eye. The director must, therefore, employ an artist even in the scenery-less theatre, and employ him to do what is really a work of direction. The two must try to fuse their individualities and abilities, and bring out a composite director-artist, a double man possessing the talents that appear together in Pitooff.

The immediate question is obviously this: If the director cannot acquire the talents of the artist, why cannot the artist acquire the talents of the director? If the knack of visual design and the keen appreciation of physical relationships cannot be cultivated in a man who does not possess them by birth, is it likewise im-

possible for the man who possesses them to acquire the faculty of understanding and drawing forth emotion in the actor.

The problem narrows down to the temperament of the artist versus the temperament of the director. There is a difference; it is no use denying it. The director is ordinarily a man sensitive enough to understand human emotion deeply and to be able to recognize it, summon it and guide it in actors. But he must also be callous enough to meet the contacts of directing—often very difficult contacts—and to organize not only the performance of the players, but also a great deal of bothersome detail involving men and women who must be managed and cajoled, commanded and worn down, and generally treated as no artist cares to treat himself in the process of treating others. The director must be an executive, and this implies a cold ability to dominate other human beings which the artist does not ordinarily have. The artist is essentially a lonely worker. He is not gregarious in his labor.

POSSIBLE FUTURE DEVELOPMENT

So far as the future goes the hope for the artist is that he will be able to reverse the relations of director and artist. This may not be so very difficult. It may very well happen that an artist will employ a stage manager as an astute director now employs an artist, to do a part of his work for him. He will explain to the stage manager the general scheme of production that he wants, much as a director explains to an artist the sort of setting he desires. The stage manager will rehearse the movements of the actors towards this

end. When the artist sees opportunities for further development of action and business, he will explain these to the stage manager, and perhaps to the players involved, and the stage manager will again see that the ideas of his superior are carried out. Something of the kind occurs even now where a director employs a sub-director to "break in" the company. Both Reinhardt and Arthur Hopkins, though thoroughly capable of "wading into" a group of players and enforcing action by minute direction and imitation, generally use the quiet method of consulting with players and suggesting changes to them, not during the actual rehearsal, but afterwards in the protection of a wing or the privacy of a dressing room.

The presence of the artist as director in some future theatre without scenery implies a decided influence on the type of acting.

Such a stage itself, thrust baldly at the spectators if not actually placed in the midst of them, tends to dictate frank, direct contact between players and audience. In such a house an actor will be all but forced to desert the feminine, the retcreative, the purely representational style of today, and to present himself and his emotions in an open assertive—may I say masculine—manner as objects of art and of emotion.

The tendency of the artist towards this kind of theatre implies, I think, a tendency towards "presentational" acting. Certainly I have talked with few who were not receptive to it.

Put together a stage that tends towards presentational acting and an artist whose instincts run to the same ends, and the outcome is not difficult to foresee.

To a Retiring Vamp

In your eyes once, as in a beast's of prey,
Coiled slumberous treacheries; and on your mouth
And on your languorous lips the withering drouth
Of passion burned! The blood red rose that lay
Upon your bosom was blighted by your breath,—
And did men take your kisses recklessly?
(I'll say they did!)
You were the spirit of the venom'd sea,
That smiles, and in its caverns hisses death!
Soul bitterness—this child to love you bore,
When poison curdled on your crimson lips,
And hearts were crisped to ashes at your gaze.
Now all the evil, all the sin you wore
Upon you like a garment, from you slips—
Death pale you wander home to sinless ways!

M. J. H.

The Mirrors of Stageland

Intimate Glimpses Into the Character and Personality of Broadway's Famous Figures

By THE LADY WITH THE LORGNETTES

DAVID BELASCO

HE sees everything, and misses nothing. His fine brown eyes give the impression of near-sightedness. But they are spiritual X-rays. He told me that he can tell at sight whether a woman has ever been loved. Er—m—ah, well!

Shy without question. Any large affair save a Belasco first night is a torment to him. Artistry aside, I do not believe he enjoys the premieres at his own theatre. Too many eyes peering at him. He wishes he might flee those eyes, might take the automatic elevator and ascend to his million dollar studio on the top floor of his theatre, and dream of beautiful things. It is so much pleasanter to dream beautiful things into existence than to contemplate them when finished.

The most beloved figure on Broadway? Yes, without doubt. For his kindness. "When I came here a frightened, ambitious waif from San Francisco, everybody was too busy to see me and too preoccupied to say a kind word," he has told me. "A kind word would have been like water to a man dying of thirst but it was denied me. I determined then that if ever I were established in New York no one would be turned from me without a kind word."

No one has. If one were disposed to criticise the great D. B. he would say that he promises too much. But he makes the promises in good faith. He means to keep them. It is his intent to develop all the actresses and playwrights who go to him. He becomes aware that there are not enough hours in his brief life nor theatres enough in this broad land to do all that he would do. He retires to his high studio, ignores all its expensive beauty, and grieves at the restrictions of time and space.

He is an amiable wastrel. He spends money riotously, buying gifts for his friends. His stars receive princely gifts from him. They whom he counts as friends are liberally remembered on Christmas and at Easter.

He spends his money so lavishly that he seldom has any about his person. He pauses at the box office, blinks in the fashion that has caused the impression that he is nearsighted, and humbly craves a ten dollar bill from the treasurer.

He goes forth, buys something that catches his magpie eye for color or sparkle, and boards a street car for the Marie Antoinette. If he has spent all his ten the recognizing conductors smile at his frantic pocket searches and say, "It'll be all right next time, Mr. Belasco." Or if any money remains he pins a dollar on

his wife's door. When his daughter, Renee Belasco Gest, lived beneath his roof she received the same daily remembrance in the same manner. And at rehearsals actors who have done well are frequently rewarded with a dime!

BLANCHE BATES

DO you see that woman, tall and dark, that has a sparkling effect like a black diamond? Yes, the one with the man smaller than herself, following her down the aisle? Blanche Bates. The escort is her husband.

Wonderful woman, Blanche Bates! Her friends call her the Indomitable. When she went her way, from David Belasco's management, there were many who predicted disaster. Broadway annals give the names of more than one who has left the pleasant fold and wandered into divers miseries, including bankruptcy. To wander forth from that charmed circle called "being with Belasco" requires the highest courage.

But Blanche Bates went. She even went as far as to marry a police commissioner of Denver, who was eyebrows deep in a municipal quarrel in the Rockies girded city.

George Creel is a first-class fighter. That is one reason why Blanche Bates married him. With tongue and typewriter, half way across the continent, from New York via Kansas City to Denever he has fought. He fought in newspapers and, while he was press agent for the United States government, during the war, he fought with the newspapers. I heard him fighting with whiplash tongue when the lights had been turned out on him at a "movie" opening.

They've two children, a quaint, precocious girl, a replica of her grandmother, named Frances Virginia, and a delicate, sensitive boy who received his mother's family name, Bates.

The late Lillian Russell, who in her memoirs said that Miss Bates was her best friend, outside of her own family, asked her: "Are you happy, Blanche?" To which Miss Bates responded: "Very. My husband and I are usually across a continent from each other. Of course we are happy." Which, taken in conjunction with the twinkle that dances continuously in her eye, marks the dark star as a humorist.

For a time after leaving the Belasco fold she wandered about what actors irreverently term "The Sticks." For two years she wandered thus, trying plays, even appearing in a photoplay, which she had



sworn not to do. Midseason while she was weighing the dubious merits of the last play she had tried in the timbers, for a metropolitan return, she received a telephone from Henry Miller.

"If only I could get you to play with me in Molière," Mr. Miller besought her. "It isn't a big part but you can make it big."

"If I am to be in all the acts I will," she answered; "if only in two, I would have to be coaxed."

She must have been "coaxed" for she only appeared in two acts. But she glowed, vibrated, fairly radioed in the rôle of Molière's rebuffed Countess.

"And not a word about salary till the end of the week," recalls Mr. Miller with managerial wonder.

Her reward was the co-starring rôle with him in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," and their present close association.

Blanche Bates is indomitable. She is humorous. A delight to work with. And she is not mercenary.

MICHAEL STRANGE

THAT beautiful woman with the restless black eyes—yes, the one who looks like an Egyptian princess—is Mrs. John Barrymore. She has a perplexing lot of names. Call the roll. She would answer "Present" to Michael Strange. That is her pen name. She wrote, under it, "Clair de Lune," in which her husband and her sister-in-law, Ethel Barrymore, played a limited engagement at the Empire Theatre. Mrs. Leonard Thomas. She would answer "present" to that also, save for preoccupation. A woman's last romance swallows the memory of the rest. She was the wife of a rich clubman who bestowed that name upon her at the marriage altar. Blanche Oelrichs. Ah! That is the core of all her personalities and phases.

Blanche Oelrichs was the beautiful, spoiled darling of a family of New York and Newport society. She had a marked individuality which manifested itself in writing repeating verse by the yard, even

(Continued on page 332)



1. Life, to the "Old Soak" (*Harry Beresford*) is not a happy one. The law has closed his beloved saloon and left, for his convivial moments, only Al, the bootlegger (*Robert E. O'Connor*), Al's home-brewed hooch, Nellie, a thirsty housemaid (*Eva Williams*), and Peter, a still more thirsty parrot. With these worthies the "Old Soak" attempts to relive the glowing moments of better days.

3. Their son, Clem, Jr. (*George Le Guere*), outwardly a model lad, is indulging in m. or l. high jinks on the side with a chorus girl named Ina Heath (*Mary Phillips*).



2. Matilda, the "Old Soak's" far better half (*Minnie Dupree*), loves her old reprobate, but for security's sake she has hidden from him the few bonds she has managed to keep against a possible rainy day.

4. (In oval) The "Old Soak" himself, who has now abandoned all business the better to devote himself to the serious task of "gettin' licker."



5. Clem Jr., led into extravagance by Ina, steals funds at his place of business. To replace them he is tempted by a hypocritical tee-totaler named Webster Parsons (*Robert McWade*) to steal his mother's bonds and sell them to Parsons, who is anxious to profit by them. How he does this and how the "Old Soak" shoulders the blame to save Matilda from agonized disillusionment in her boy is part of the dramatic developments that lead eventually to a rosy ending.

Photos by Abbé

THE NEW PLAY

"*The Old Soak*" Comes to Life in a Delightful Characterization by *Harry Beresford*

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



Foreword

THE pre-seasonal avalanche has been rather in the nature of a carnival for morons. Rarely, in fact, has Broadway insulted itself more liberally than with the weak-sistered productions which have opened up dark houses and helped frighten away patronage from well-meaning theatre goers for the balance of the year. I have been a bit skeptical about the necessity for importing quite so many pieces from across the water, but when I behold even old reliables like Forbes and Broadhurst contributing to the proposition that all American playwrights are created equally bad I throw up my hands and encourage my faithful readers to look well before they leap into the seat of any theatre in New York. There are some good things scattered about, but it's a hundred to one shot that you won't find them unless you do your theatre shopping early and well-informed.

The lesson for today, children, is Know Thy Play. If you don't, you will very probably waste your money, your evening and the affection and respect of all those you conduct thither. Indiscriminate theatre going is becoming almost as dangerous as crossing Times Square.

Banco

A new comedy by Clare Kummer from the French of Alfred Savoir produced on September 20th at the Ritz Theatre by William Harris, Jr., with the following cast:

Charlotte, wife of Alexandre de Lussac, Lola Fisher; Porter, Hall Higley; Louis, page at the Casino, Edward G. Robinson; Baron Henri Delignieres, Francis Byrne; Julie, Charlotte's maid, Alice John; Georges Dalou, Robert Strange; Feydal, Commissioner of Police, J. Malcolm Dunn; Count Alexandre de Lussac (nicknamed "Banco"), Alfred Lunt; Baroness Delignieres, mother of Henri, Charlotte Granville.

THAT sly red-headed fellow who claims to be a Russian but looks like a tame Irishman and answers to the inappropriate name of Robert Milton has waved his unusually capable wand over the cast of "Banco" and, lo! it performs miracles. Not that "Banco" is a difficult piece to do miracles with. On the contrary, it is a spontaneous and gay farce, a capital entertainment in its original tongue and even more so in the irresistible lilt and bubbling facetiousness given to it by Clare Kummer. It is, in fact, Clare Kummer being made really to tell a story—something she never does unless she is made to—and the result

His was a capital and intelligent exhibition and lists him with Robert Ames, Leslie Howard, and one or two others as being an actor who is more artist than antic-thrower.

As one who is familiar with M. Savoir's original, I feel qualified to comment more justifiably than is often the case on the manner of the adaptation. The meeting of Savoir and Kummer was a fortuitous thought on the part of Manager Harris, though one, I can well imagine, that must have taken a quantity of pondering upon. More different styles it would be difficult to imagine—Savoir, broad, direct, Gallic to the nth degree—Miss

Kummer, delicate, digressive and Gallic to no degree at all! In consequence, "Banco" is a very different proceeding over here than Paris saw. Miss Kummer has made it wholly hers, giving it, one might say, a quality of charm and humor that its original needed more than it possessed. But the story, at least, is here and Miss Kummer (though I'm certain she did her best to dodge it!) has clung to it and come out triumphant.

A dull, rather stupid setting mars the opening act immeasurably, and, added to that, Mr. Milton has committed the same *tristesse* in his lighting that he did in "Madame Pierre." For two acts Livingston Platt's scenery is sheer affectation. The breath of life or living is simply not in it. In the last act we find a boudoir that is pretty enough and real enough to carry a suggestion of life. But the first set, that in the casino, was created obviously without a thought of the script and with an eye only on design and not on drama. It was no more a casino along the Riviera than the same artist's first act in "Blue-Beard's Eighth Wife" was a hotel in Biarritz. Mr. Platt should really read the plays he designs sets for. For out of them comes inspiration for atmosphere and not out of tomes on "interior decoration."

(Continued on page 299)

Mr. Hornblow Specially Recommends:

THE AWFUL TRUTH: An entertaining bit of dramatic French pastry; superbly produced and acted.

BANCO—A gay little farce, happily adapted from the French by Clare Kummer and played deliciously.

KEMPY—A homespun little American comedy, fresh as a sea breeze and bubbling over with life-like fun.

KIKI—A classic among comedies, thanks to the untiring and gymnastic efforts of Mlle. Ulric.

LA TENDRESSE—A powerful emotional drama with Henry Miller giving the prime performance of his career.

THE TORCHBEARERS—A hilarious burlesque on the efforts of amateur actors; the second act is worth any price.

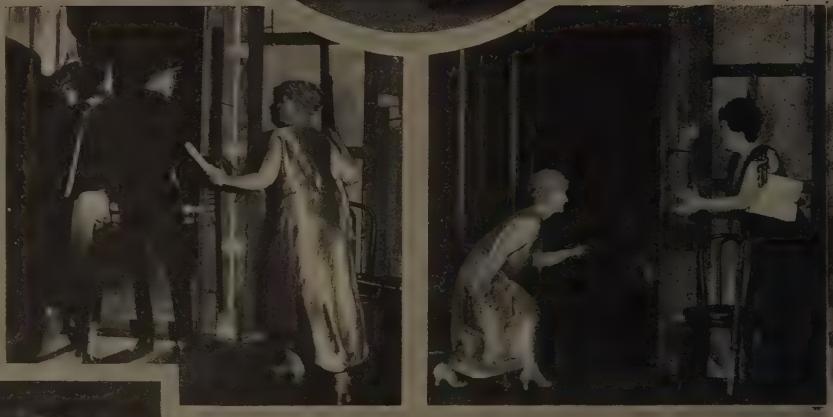
is a more than engaging one.

The miracles I refer to are the uncommonly capable performances given by every member of the cast—some of whom have done creditable things before but never to such effect. Alfred Lunt, formerly a fair actor given to clownings, steps out of that class into being a character actor of amazing possibilities. As "Banco," the wild young count who leaves a pretty wife waiting for him in the foyer of a gaming casino for eighty-four hours while he plays baccarat, Lunt gives a performance that outdoes any personal achievement of the season thus far. While it is true that, even yet, in serious moments Lunt cannot quite succeed in having himself taken seriously, he has won to himself a plausibility and manner far beyond any he has ever promised in the past.



1. Mrs. J. Duro Pampinelli (*Alison Skipworth*) a society woman who pretends to know everything there is to know about play production takes charge of her little group of serious thinkers' dramatic production at Horticultural Hall. She is aided and abetted by Nelly Fell (*Helen Lowell*) who assumes the fearsome task of stage manager.

2. (In oval) Paula Ritter (*Mary Boland*) is nominated by the little group to play the leading role in the proposed offering. Her histrionic ambitions are discouraged by her practical-minded husband (*Arthur Shaw*) but she resolves to go forward with her high plans at any price. At a dress rehearsal the wretched husband faints at the spectacle of his wife's acting.



3. The production of "Dr. Arlington's Wife" is in progress at Horticultural Hall. From back stage we watch the antics of the actors spurred on to excruciating efforts by their coaches. All the bewildering and amusing blunders of which amateurs are capable in presenting a play come thick and fast,—thicker than faster, one might almost say. At the left Nelly Fell is imploring Mr. Twiller (*Booth Howard*), one half of whose moustache has fallen off, to get out of Paula's way so she can be seen by the audience. At the right Nelly almost falls down taking a bow herself before the curtain conceals her.



4. (At left) Paula, back home, surrounded with so many flowers that Fred Ritter is reminded of a funeral is told the brutal truth about how bad she was by her husband. She clings at first to the praise of her friends as an armor against Fred's jealousy but comes at last to concede that perhaps her destiny is not Broadway after all.

Photos by White

THE NEW PLAY

Amateur Theatricals Are Mocked Uproariously in "The Torch Bearers"

The cast as I have said is excellent. Miss Fisher, happily back after a long siege of illness looked well and prettier than ever. Her performance was a trifle reticent for the needs of the play's pace but that will improve. She was at her best when the play reached its liveliest action. Francis Byrne was splendid as the simple-souled Baron who rescues "Banco's" wife from her card-fiend husband.

The Awful Truth

A new comedy by Arthur Richman produced on September 18th at the Henry Miller Theatre by Charles Frohman with the following cast:

Daniel Leeson, Paul Harvey; Eustace Trent, George K. Barraud; Jayson, Lewis A. Sealy; Lucy Warriner, Ina Claire; Mrs. Leeson, Louise Mackintosh; Josephine Trent, Cora Witherspoon; Norman Satterly, Bruce McRae; Celeste, Kyra Alanowa; Rufus Kempster, Raymond Walburn.

A BRIGHT and diverting little comedy, thin as the air in high altitudes, but robust enough in the matter of entertainment is this new piece from the pen of the versatile and indefatigable Richman. Finely cast and exquisitely mounted (every scenic designer in town who tends to the school of "prettiness" should be forced to bathe in the atmosphere of those superb sets for several hours on end!) this first Frohman production of the year (under, of course, the guiding hands of Gilbert Miller) is a credit to the theatre and helps balance the long and pitiful account of wretched productions that rain upon us. In fact, the whole proceeding is so very creditable that I regret my inability to say even more about the play itself. It is only due to the magnificent way in which the older Miller directed the play and the younger one produced it that the dangerous effects of repetitiveness and unplausibility are not more patent.

Richman's touch is a felicitous one. I know of no American who is writing defter light comedy. Clare Kummer, the only other name that springs to mind, runs a more ingratiating charm into her dialogue, but it is largely will-o'-the-wisp stuff lacking in the underlying humanities that Richman never forgets. I do not understand the processes by which Richman came to write a play and Miller put it on without more attention being paid to the thing as a story. Not even the vagrant scintilla of plot and suspense

a comedy is called upon to possess can be found in "The Awful Truth" after the middle of the second act. The tale is a slender affair, having to do with a pair of divorcees who fall in love with each other all over again. There is much ado about an alleged affair she was supposed to have indulged in at the time of their separation, and three acts are spent in the endeavors of various people to ascertain its truth. No one ever does, not even the audience, though in the manner of treatment of the subject in the last act the impression is generally set at large that she was really innocent. At least, the ex-husband thinks so and all is again well between them. Miss Claire gives an uninspired but pleasant performance as the wife who may or may not have erred, and Bruce McRae as the uncertain husband is wholly admirable. More than a little is credit due to him for the proceeding's being mighty good entertainment.

East of Suez

A new play by W. Somerset Maugham produced September 21st at the Eltinge Theatre by A. H. Woods with the following cast:

Harold Knox, Geoffrey Kerr; Wu, Nathaniel Sack; Henry Anderson, Leonard Mudie; Amah, Catherine Proctor; George Conway, John Halliday; Daisy, Florence Reed; Lee Tai Cheng, Howard Lang; Sylvia Knox, Gypsy O'Brien.

M R. Maugham went to the Orient to write a play about the Orient. "East of Suez" is it. If to write a play was his sole motive in visiting the East, he might really have saved himself the trouble of taking so long a journey. Two visits to Samuel Shipman's "East is West" would have accomplished as much as has been accomplished by Maugham in catching anything of authentic atmosphere. The play concerns itself with a Eurasian vamp who gets herself into difficulties *d'amour* with as many men as any woman could ever hope to handle. There is much hard breathing and loud cursing and sneaky Chinks go hither and thither with their hands crossed over their stomachs. An inane and wholly conventional melodrama that dares to presume at times to deal with the "Eurasian question." Hoity-toity for which Mr. Maugham may be well ashamed, but which may make both him and his American manager a barrel of feminine money. Florence

Reed is the seductive half-breed. Her performance is as cut-and-dried as the play. The men are all capital. The production is second rate.

The Exciters

A new comedy by Martin Brown, produced at the Times Square Theatre September 22nd by the Selwyns with the following cast:

Ermintrude Marilley, Enid Markey; Lexington Dalrymple, Chester Morris; Mrs. Hilary Rand, Thais Lawton; "Rufus" Rand, Tallulah Bankhead; Hilary Rand, Marsh Allen; Mr. Rackham, Frederick Karr; Sumter Dalrymple, Robert Hyman; Vaughn, Florence Flinn; Dan MacGee, Allan Dinehart; Chauffeur, Albert Marsh; Joselyn Basset-Brown, Eichlin Gayer.

A LITTLE of everything, with Tallulah Bankhead as its beautiful heroine. Miss Bankhead has literally too vast a sense of humor ever possibly to be able to act with any conviction or sincerity. But she is radiantly lovely and is amusing to watch and I'd rather see her in a part than any of a dozen determined young things with authentic abilities but no personality. In this instance, however, the part makes even watching her something of a trial. Mr. Brown appears to be a ready jokesmith with a flair for the far-fetched fictions that pass as human behavior in the story-book magazines. Of play-writing as an art he has not as yet shown the signs of having too great an understanding.

Greenwich Village Follies

A new revue for 1922 produced September 12th by John Murray Anderson at the Shubert Theatre with the following principals:

John E. Hazzard, Lucille Chalfant, Bert Savoy, Jay Brennan, Marjorie Peterson, Ula Sharon, Carl Randall, Yvonne Georges, Frankie Heath, Harriette Gimbel, Alice Weaver, Josephine MacNicol, Julia Silvers and George Rasely.

TO Mr. Balieff and Mr. Remisoff and a few others of that gifted crew from Moscow are due obeisances from the Hon. J. Murray Anderson, who has helped himself liberally, as any artist should, to the ideas and parents of the "Chauve-Souris." In consequence whereof, and notwithstanding, as they say, the Anderson Follies for the current year are wholly stunning and entertaining. It is an indescribable feast of beauty and—Allah be praised!—comedy.



1. Specky Todd (*Robert Drysdale*), owner of a small boot shop in a Lowland Scottish village, is offered a fairish sum of money for his establishment by David Low (*F. Manning Sproston*) acting as agent for a large national concern. He is spurred on to close the deal by Hunky Dory (*Walter Roy*), an agreeable enough old toper who is continuously blackmailing Specky on the strength of something he knows about his past and hopes through the deal to make a good profit out of it himself.



2. Below, Hunky Dory speculates on the thrills of the bottle and the evils of his life and determines to eschew "whisky" and win back the dutiful affection and obedience of his daughter, Jenny, who has long lived with Specky as his adopted child.



3. Jenny (*Nell Barker*) called back to the parental home by Hunky Dory says good-bye to Specky. Both are heart-broken at parting from the other and Jenny pledges herself, at least, to engineer the sale of the boot-shop to the end of getting a good price for it.

4. A boarder in Hunky Dory's home is Peter MaGuffie (*MacDonald Watson*)—enamoured of Jenny, he finally wins her heart with his whimsicalities and pathetic need of some one to care for him. How this clashes with Hunky Dory's secret plans for Jenny's marriage to the wealthy young agent, David Low, and upsets the blackmailing scheme he has fostered is the bulk of the play's tranquil little tale. At least let it be said, this likable old villain takes defeat in excellent part!



THE NEW PLAY

Plenty of Scotch in "Hunky Dory"—an Importation from Glasgow

A Serpent's Tooth

A new comedy by Arthur Richman produced at the Little Theatre on August 24th, by John Golden with the following cast:

Fanny, Josephine Williams; Jerry Middleton, Leslie Howard; Mildred Sherwood, Anne Sutherland; Alice Middleton, Marie Tempest; Bert Boyd, Howard Freeman; Morgan Trendell, W. Graham Browne; Janet Trendell, Ann Merrick; Percival Faraday, Robert Lowe; A Caterer, John Clements.

HERE was a tid-bit to look forward to that failed grievously to live up to the things expected of it. The return of Marie Tempest after several years of doing obscure things in obscure places coincident with the viewing of the first play Arthur Richman has given us since "Ambush" seemed one ray of possible light in a dark and gloomy pre-seasonal avalanche of moron offerings. Richman started off boldly enough, and, as is his usual wont, bravely enough. The theme of "A Serpent's Tooth" is not too distant a relative of that admirable tragedy that advanced both this author's and the Theatre Guild's reputation last year. Instead of a worthless daughter we have a worthless son, instead of a futile father we have a helpless mother. But where in the one instance, Richman ploughed stolidly through realities and brought his *chef-d'œuvre* to a fitting and disastrous close, in the other he has compromised to the extent of endeavoring to make what is inherently dramatic (if not tragic) seem comic and to the further and reprehensible extent of "cleaning up" his wastrel at the close in the stage-wise fashion of sending him to one of those miracle dealing farms in "South America" which, by all theatrical legend, turn bad little boys into good ones.

It is obvious enough from the play's context and spirit that its commercialized flavor came largely out of rehearsals held not in the austere and truthful atmosphere of the Garrick but in the conventional halls where Broadway wiseacres are wont to gather and determine if "that's the stuff to give 'em." Its every scene provides unexpected and disjointed moments of banality in contrast to the deep underlying purpose of the original script that, if one knows one's Richman, one realizes could never have seen creation with the same pen point that wrote the illustrious and memorable "Why? Why? Why?" that lowered the last curtain of "Ambush"

on a note of pitiful fatality and hopelessness.

Richman's story is excellent. Alice Middleton has a good-for-nothing son. She is rapidly spending the small inheritance left them by the dead Middleton, due largely to the boy, Jerry's, profligate living. Unexpectedly—and out of a dark sky rather than a clear one—Jerry announces his engagement to Janet Trendell, the daughter of an old friend and beau of his mother. The Trendells are rich. It is this fact that has largely inspired Jerry's decision to marry, and Alice, in her joy at the prospect, attempts to will herself into the belief that her boy will love the girl eventually and everything will turn out as it should.

But Jerry shows no inclination to reform. On the side he continues his relations with a cabaret girl and her set. Alice comes to realize that the trusting Janet's life will be wrecked if she goes through with the match and in a scene of rare power and truth discloses to Janet that Jerry is a rotter and beseeches her to halt before it is too late. It is in this probing and human situation that the full force latent in Richman's manuscript manifests itself. Carried along with life and truth as the equation to be considered rather than the possible returns from Tyson, "A Serpent's Tooth" might well have been another "Ambush." But the piece is then promptly and woefully prostituted by the disinfecting of Jerry. "Cleaning up" of characters will before many years are over seem as ridiculous to even the general public as gas foot-lights and fly scenery would seem today. Characters do not change. At best they become readjusted to new and better conditions. A cattle farm can not remove a lad's proclivities for fast society. As a matter of fact, in my own experience, it enhances it!

Miss Tempest is not especially interesting as Alice Middleton. She is at all times the actress working with grim determination over the business of making her retorts seem snappy and her commonplaces seem epigrammatic. Old school endeavors may still go in light comedy but they are strangely discordant in plays where characters, not words, count. She is clever, but too clever. She should eschew either realistic plays or her somewhat archaic unrealistic ways. But one thing she is always—an intelligent and remarkably youthful woman.

A notable performance, and quite

the best thus far this season, is given by Leslie Howard as Jerry. This young actor steps into a position of enormous importance with his work in the Richman play. O'Neill, or perhaps Richman himself, will before long provide this youngster with a part in which he will stand the town on its ears. There is truth in his playing, sincerity, intelligence, no exhibitionism, no trick technique. His performance is the most significant part about "A Serpent's Tooth." The rest of the cast is mediocre.

The Old Soak

A new comedy by Don Marquis produced at the Plymouth Theatre on August 22nd, by Arthur Hopkins with the following cast:

Clem Hawley, The Old Soak, Harry Beresford; Matilda, Minnie Dupree; Lucy, Helene Sinnott; Clem, Jr., George Le Gueure; Cousin Webster Parsons, Robert McWade; Tom Ogden, Grant Mills; Ina Heath, Mary Philips; Nellie, Eva Williams; "Al," Robert E. O'Connor.

A CHARACTER who has lingered amusingly in the daily column that Don Marquis serves up for readers of *The Sun* now comes to life in "The Old Soak," a play too trivial to be ranked with the classic character it attempts to vivify. The Old Soak, himself, a child of Mr. Marquis's talented imagination, was born to promote and immortalize the current philosophies of those lovers of the jovial jug who have been made to witness the happiness that was once the bar-room's turn pitifully into the hypocrisies of the speak-easy. His was a timely and brilliant creation. He more than took his place with Hermione, archy, Captain Fitzurse and those other Sun Dialists who have crawled out of the Marquis brain to the better entertainment of the subway riding millions. He was more deeply significant than any of them, perhaps, in being what might be called expressive of a national mood.

But when it came to play-writing, Mr. Marquis genially tossed his admirable Soak into the lightest and tritest of pieces along the "Lightnin'" pattern. The character struggles to be recognizable through three acts of as frankly "written down" a piece as ever graced purely commercial boards. This from Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Marquis is at least a sincere effort not to be artistic. And in it they are

(Continued on page 340)



Her first big success in America—in the title rôle of "Manon."



"Fay o' Fire"—Marie Tempest's first rôle on any stage—in London at the age of 19.



Another New York hit—as Francesca in "The Fencing Master"



One of her first legitimate parts—Kitty in "The Marriage of Kitty"



Left, an interesting venture at the New Theatre. As Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair"



As Suzanne Trevor in "The Freedom of Suzanne" in 1904



Right, a rare picture of a long forgotten day—in the title rôle of "San Toy"



Motif by Lyman Brown

BIOGRAPHICAL PAGES —No. 2. MARIE TEMPEST

Miss Tempest was born in London on July 15, 1862. She was educated on the Continent and won prizes for her voice in Paris and London. She made her first appearances as a prima donna of light opera in "Boccaccio" and "The Fay o' Fire" in London in 1880. In 1890 as the "Dresden China Prima Donna" Miss Tempest was brought to this country and had instant success in "Manon," "The Fencing Master" and other operettas. In 1900 she forsook the musical for the legitimate stage and two years later achieved renown in New York with "The Marriage of Kitty" and "The Freedom of Suzanne." Her subsequent career in the dramatic field makes her one of the few great comediennes living.

Bernhardt—The Invincible

An Interview That Pictures Intimately the Mind and Spirit of the Aged Tragedienne

By ALICE ROHE

WHATEVER may be our individual opinion as to post-mortem manifestations concerning the immortality of the soul, there are relative phenomena of immortality which sometimes overwhelm one.

There are occasions when the "will to immortality" transcends even a Shavian longevity philosophy.

When the immortal spirit of genius combines with that of courage and the will to work, even though the body has long since paid its toll, we find ourselves face to face with something that commands our reverent attention.

These are scarcely the thoughts the average dressing-room inspires. But the salon of Madame Sarah Bernhardt in her own theatre at Paris, would no more come under the average classification than would the actress herself.

It was during her recent presentation of "Régine Armand" that the "Divine Sarah" sent me a loge to a performance and invited me to visit her behind scenes.

IN HER DRESSING ROOM

THE cheap sentimentality of the Louis Verneuil play of maternal love, too obviously machine-made and too patently reminiscent of Bernhardt's own affection for her son, challenged criticism no more than did a technical comparison of the Divine Sarah's art with that of her glowing past. Both seemed of secondary importance before the imposing phenomenon—the vivid personality of this old actress who defies age.

Bernhardt's golden voice is gone, so are her physical charms, but—

Ushered into the glare of her dressing-room I was, for the moment, overwhelmed at the travesty of youth and life which this genius with a great past was still portraying. The heavily rouged lips, parting over teeth which showed too plainly the dentist's trade, the thin neck hung with false gems, the shrunken arms and fingers covered with stage jewelry—all the artificiality of the theatre accentuating the grim encroachment of reality gave me a momentary feeling of devastating sorrow. The inevitability of life which brings relentless decay even to genius makes tears rise in one's very soul.

And then Madame Bernhardt begins to speak.

At once you realize the power of this woman, almost an octogenarian. We may prate of youth and its potentialities but here in this French woman, deprived of a

In the dressing room are her maid, her companion, her secretary, a friend. There are everywhere faded reminders of the days when her dressing room was the most sensationally *chic* place in Paris. The memories are still there and the reverence, too, for Paris adores the "Divine Sarah" and her goings and comings are like the traditional movements of royalty.

"Madame Sarah," as her servants affectionately call her, is asking me to call at her home the next day in order that we may talk more tranquilly.

And then—

Two men approach, the chair in which Madame Bernhardt is seated before her dressing table, is raised and chair and occupant are carried to her place on the stage where the action of the play is such that she never moves.

Whether the feeling of *tristesse* which affected me at my evening at the Bernhardt Theatre had the same effect on others I cannot say. But the contrast between the Divine Sarah in the theatre and in her home is so strong that I felt a great wave of relief sweep over me when I saw her "chez elle."

AT HER HOME

IF memories crowd the dressing room, they submerge the home in Boulevard Perye.

Past trophies of the chase in the entrance hall, up the steps, with ornamental bells, into the reception room where works of art and sculpture, tributes from famous men, crowd upon collections of costumed dolls of all countries and periods, and characters, one finally looks through grilled iron gates, down rug covered steps into the music room. Here, too, the walls are lined with original paintings. A portrait of Maurice as a boy stretched on a rug with a great dog, is in evidence. The Past speaks in every angle.

Then you are summoned upstairs and after many rooms you come to "Madame Sarah", the indomitable worker, the undimmed spirit of courage, the relentless and successful combatant of Time.

There are others in this small "den" in which Madame Bernhardt is seated in a perfect avalanche of papers. A playwright is just departing having read a new play. A letter from a publisher is still in her hand, and she is giving it to her married



"Ushered into the glare of her dressing room I was, for the moment, overwhelmed at the travesty of youth and life which this genius with a great past was still portraying."

leg through a serious operation, over-worked, victim of too many ills that flesh is heir to, we confront a spirit that awes one.

The fact that I notice that the rings on the small hands cannot disguise the age manifested in the distorted knuckles, that the simple artifices of coiffeur and jewels reveal, rather than conceal, the merciless lines of the grim caricaturist, Time, means only that my futile pity at the swirling circle of life again overpowers me.

For when Madame Bernhardt talks it is with a vitality and keenness—in sad contrast with Inevitability. Vividly alive to the problems of the stage and of life itself, the energy of her intellect dominates all else.

grandchild, daughter of Maurice. Visitors are departing and then we are alone.

Madame Bernhardt extends a highly manicured hand with nails so rouged that they leave stains like blood upon my glove. She is gowned in flowing white satin robes caught with two large oriental brooches. There is the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and all else is pure white. Her hair is arranged as the night before, caught at the back with a black bow. Her eyes are heavily blackened and her lips are thick with rouge. But she is quite a different person and makes quite a different impression upon me than that of the preceding evening. Today there is no glaring contrast with the artificiality, the make-believe of the theatre, the false artifices for simulating youth.

She is a dominant, vital woman whose spirit for work permeates the room.

BERNHARDT'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

I REALIZE that I am, indeed, privileged to receive at first hand a practical demonstration of a life philosophy which, in its direct simplicity, contains all the elements of our more intricate and fussy mental cults. The "Will to do this" and "The Will to do that," the unconscious conflicts of one kind and another, the psycho-analytical and expensive theories—seem to fall away before the crystallization of Madame Bernhardt's rules of life procedure.

"You find me working," she said, "because I always work. I have these piles of letters to go through in preparation of my memoirs. I have finished my 'Advice to Artists,' but for Memoirs one has to go through so many things."

On the table was a note book in which she had been making memoranda and by her side is a mass of papers which she had not yet examined.

"People say I work too hard, and perhaps I do—but work has kept me young in spirit."

I murmur something about the rewards of hard work being rest and ask her if she does not feel a desire for repose after all she had experienced in recent years.

"No—for I believe that so long as the spirit desires contact with one's life work just so long can one keep the spark of one's art alive. I will never stop until—

"Why the reason so many women grow old, prematurely, is that they have no definite work in life. They wear themselves out, worrying over approaching wrinkles, over petty ailments. Don't think about your troubles and you have overcome them. Don't think about getting old and you have cheated time. The best antidote for old age in the world is ceaseless occupation in a congenial work."

"What do you think of the post-war stage," I ask, for Madame Bernhardt is an incessant reader of new plays and an indefatigable student of art in all countries.

"Denmark offers the best drama today," she replies with appreciation. "The stage of Copenhagen has given us a spiritual grasp of things in dramatic form which has

supplied a necessary element in post-war life. No other country approaches Denmark today—it is a land of thinkers, of philosophers with a great understanding of practical spiritual needs.

"France is essentially a drama-producing nation but like all countries which have passed through the war, trivial frivolity is often the reaction... America—," Madame Bernhardt's tone implies that she regards America as quite too immature to be considered seriously.

"America is too young to have created an established standard of drama—"

"Do you feel that the musical and artistic entente between France and America today will supplant German influence completely so far as music is concerned?" I ask her.

Madame Bernhardt regards me curiously.

"Well—definitely do you think that the establishment of the American School of Music at Fontainbleau, the donation of the Palace by the French government, for the purpose, the staff of excellent French masters will not have a decided effect on American music students now that scholarships and all facilities are open for inexpensive study?"

Again Madame Bernhardt gives me a quick look.

"And what has nationality to do with music or any other form of Art?" she demands.

"How can an entente between America and France ever eliminate the gift of music Germany has given the world? I think my patriotism will stand any test but this thing of dragging the Arts through the mire of politics is too much. If there is one thing in the world that should transcend international brawlings it is Art. Germany has given us magnificent music—why forget that because of her military and political crime? A real artist stands reverently before Art as a detached and superior thing. Art after all is Art, and genius is an individual expression, influenced to some extent by environment. It leaves material measures behind when it reaches the heights."

PROPHESIES ANOTHER AMERICAN TOUR

SEATED in the high carved chair, the white robes falling about her, Madame Bernhardt suggested a Sibyl.

"It seems to me that one of the most important things in the world today is to concentrate on Art and on spiritual philosophy whether in dramatic or any other form. A world tormented by war seeks some higher comfort than materialism. Yet it is only natural that I should regard the stage as one of the greatest mediums for carrying truths and help to the public.

"I have just decided upon a new play for my tour—"

"Your tour—" the surprise in my tone escapes before I can stop.

"Certainly," replies the tireless Madame Sarah. "My engagement at my own theatre is of only thirty performances—"

"But I thought you were going to Belle Isle—"

"Not till late summer," she replies. "I want to make a tour which ends—"

"In America?" I question.

"Perhaps—I would like that—and I am feeling very well now."

I glance at the white robed figure, the draperies always arranged so that there is no suggestion of the missing leg.

"Don't think for a moment that when I go to Belle Isle I am idle," she is saying.

"You see me here in Paris submerged in town life. It consists of one appointment after another throughout the day when there are no rehearsals or performances. I attend to the business details myself, one must keep in touch with every phase of one's work. Every hour possible I give to my memoirs. These will supplement the ones published before the war but I hope to give more liberally of personal details in these new ones. Naturally, checking up old memories takes more time than does creative work for events slip the mind and one must be accurate."

HER GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE

SHE pauses a moment, lost in thought— "In bringing back the past one must never become submerged in it—that is the road to futile and morbid decay. There is always a future to look forward to."

"At Belle Isle I work at other things. There surrounded by the sea I love best my sculpture."

As the world knows, Madame Bernhardt is at work upon her last monument—a lighthouse to shine across the sea from her island home.

"There is nothing gloomy nor morbid in that thought, is there?—being remembered by an ever burning light?"

"It is the most expressive symbol—an undying flame—" I reply, looking at this remarkable woman sitting there helpless to move but suggesting such great force.

Once more I feel impelled to ask if she never feels tired.

"My body sometimes, but my mind, my desire to go on, never, never!"

Is it any wonder that a talk with this extraordinary woman inspires one with a belief in some tireless force of genius which approaches immortality?

"You look as though you were feeling sorry about something," comments Madame Sarah.

"Oh—not at all—" I reply, taking myself in hand—"I was merely longing for a bit of the divine fire which is your symbol—"

Madame Bernhardt extends her hand as I rise to go.

"One way to keep the flame is never to permit the spark of courage to die out," she smiles.

I have had many impressions of Madame Sarah Bernhardt during my life, but as I went down the steps of the Paris home I could only keep thinking of her as one of the bravest women I have met.

One can have a genius for courage!



Raymor

MARGUERITE MAXWELL

A young dramatic actress who once enlivened Mr. Ziegfeld's entertainments and now goes in for leading parts—the latest being in "East Side-West Side."

WANDA LYON

Who after a pleasant season on London's stage is playing the lead in "Who's Who" on the road, and may come to town for "Sis Hopkins" later

ILL.

INEZ FORD

(Below) A fair graduate of both Mr. Dillingham's musical shows and Emmanuel Reicher's School of Acting who will shortly appear in a legitimate production.

Abbe



Nikolas Muray

BERTHA BROAD

One of those rare youngsters—an actress who prefers Shakespearean roles—and who will be seen in some this season, probably in a Hampden production.

LOUISE PRUSSING

Who after appearing in "The Nest" is now playing with the "Six Cylinder Love" company on the road. At present Chicago is flocking to this happy little comedy.



Alfred Cheney Johnston



Edwin B. Hesser

AMONG THE YOUNGER ACTRESSES

A Bevy of Talented Youngsters Who Disprove the Beauty and No Brains Theory

Adrift in the Roaring Forties

Being a Monthly Page Out of the Notebook

Of BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

THE evolution of vaudeville is like the evolution of the universe—from the simple to the complex. Which proves that Broadway follows the stars in their courses.

When I was young there was what we called the "variety show." This was a simple succession of acts—mostly legs and slapstick colloquies between two Irishmen. Then came vaudeville—a mixture, as we know it today, of sketches, jazz, monologues, bicycle acts and one-act plays. Then the Great Event took place. Morris Gest brought the "Chauve-Souris" to America. This was the high-art stage of vaudeville. It was the Russian conception of vaudeville.

The "Chauve-Souris" has affected all the vaudeville of the season. It will continue to affect more and more all the vaudeville that future seasons will see. The late-lamented "Pin-Wheel" was superb in conception, but mangled in execution. Walt Kuhn and Michio Ito could not compete with the vulgarities of Raymond Hitchcock.

The Forty-Niners promise a further evolution of the higher vaudeville. We are at last learning in this country that not only is brevity the soul of wit but that wit and beauty will mix. High time, as Schopenhauer said as the last curtain fell on Wagner's "Die Walküre" (in manuscript).

THE Operal! The musical circus is coming to town—
Tristan and Isolde,
Rising into the empyrean
On vast Chimeras of sound,
Once more shall sweep to their immortal
death
And proclaim their passion from some
utter star.
Salammbô and Mimi
Will rend the night with their tragic
maledictions,
And Parsifal,
The pink-cheeked Tolstoi of his time.
Will ascend in a milk-white robe
To his plush and pallid heaven,
While from their mausoleums in the air
The downfall'n gods will glare at us
To the weltering sonorities and 'whelming
crescendos
Of Gotterdammerung!

THE OLD SOAK" is the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of rum. Don Marquis has dared not to preach a sermon. That is something unique in the United States—where our political fathers left us a legacy of liberty and their descendants left us a bootlegacy of corruption, hypocrisy and wood alcohol.

If Don Marquis chose the most threadbare of plots for his story, I have a suspicion that he did it deliberately in order to build not a play but a character. At the first night of "The Old Soak" I trembled at the thought that he was going to clean up Clem Hawley just before the last curtain. Imagine my overwhelming joy when he goes out of the play with Al the bootlegger, flask in pocket.

No real disciple of Bacchus ever reformed. His stomach or kidneys may give out (weak stomachs are the fathers of prohibition), but his thirst never. Which reminds me of what Tom Geraghty said in the lobby after the last act of "The Old Soak"—"Love, honor and health may desert us—but thirst is eternal!"

"That's my *dee-vice!*!" echoed Don.



When he meant "castle" he did not mean a scenic tooth. When he spoke of "witches" he did not mean red-masked Follies girls.

I believe that John Barrymore could do a good Hamlet without any scenery. But can he do it surrounded by the super-stupidities and immanent imbecilities of the ultra-disciples of the post-cubist scenic murderers?

Art is art, and junk is junk, and never the twain shall meet—not in Shakespeare, at least.



AND I had a dream.

In my dream I built a moving picture house. It was built like an enclosed stadium. All marble and bronze. It seated just five hundred persons.

I produced in it all the great works of literature of all times. I put on the screen, to appropriate music, such exquisite things as Shelley's "The Witch of Atlas," Keats' "St. Agnes' Eve" and Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher."

The motto over the door was "The Public Be Damned!"

All seats were twenty-five dollars apiece. No "critic" could get into the house. Morality was barred if it interfered with Beauty.

Then I awoke—and I found I still had ten titles to write for "Her Great Sacrifice."



BLOOD AND SAND" is a great picture. It is pathetic, dramatic, tragic.

It is pathetic because the story does not depend on the machinery of the "movies"—its tricks—for its pathos, but is implicit in the story itself. "Blood and Sand" makes no concessions. It ends unhappily logically.

Pathos is one thing; eye-leak is another. All "sob-stuff" should be compounded of heart and brain. Pathos never weeps.

Therefore, I call "Blood and Sand" a great pathetic picture. It is, too, a picture of a Fatality. Valentino has reproduced the matador to life. I have seen any number of bull-fights and knew some of the greatest Spanish matadors. That is why the realism of this picture startled me. It could not possibly be reproduced on the speaking stage.

"Blood and Sand" is, to me, the greatest triumph of the American moving picture.



Portrait by Alfred Cheney Johnston

MARGARET IRVING

Who is said by many to be Broadway's most beautiful showgirl and who will give visitors to the Music Box further opportunity to judge for themselves by being the only member of the cast of the old show who is to stay in town for the new



Above we see the classic little group that beguiles long days of waiting by narrating the gay tales of the Decameron. Below, to the left is an early scene in the story of the deceived husband—with Mme. Kapzniovskaya, a great film favorite in Russia, as the wife who makes rendezvous with her lover by means of a cord fastened to her ankle. With her is M. Dejassy, an Italian comic, as her husband. At the right the wife is seen with the lover who pulls the cord, played by M. Zarubin, Russia's Valentino.

AND NOW COME FILMS FROM RUSSIA

A Gorgeous and Humorous Version of Two Famous Tales from

Mme. Leontovich, reputed to be the most beautiful screen actress in Russia, as Musetta, the obliging hand-maiden in the story of the lover who drank himself into the trance of seeming death. The settings were all specially constructed for the production, which struggled against difficulties and shortcomings unknown to the well-endowed studios of America



Below, a scene between Musetta and a scheming old money lender, played by a noted "character man," M. Langfeld. What the Russians lacked in equipment they appear to have made up for three-fold in individual artistry



The "deceived husband" in the episode of that name is more bewildered than ever after his attempted solution of the hanging cord has failed him and circumstances indicate that it was not his wife who had the rendezvous but her maid! What, oh what, will the censors make of this seemingly delicious pantomime?



TO DISMAY THE NATIVE MOVIE MAKERS

Boccaccio's "Decameron" done by the Russian Director, Viacheslav Viskovsky

"A Serpent's Tooth"

A Comedy in Three Acts by Arthur Richman

A NEW play by the author of "Ambush" which, while dealing with a not dissimilar family situation, is cast in far lighter vein than that stirring and uncompromising home tragedy. Here Mr. Richman brings comedy liberally to the relief of the underlying grimness of Alice Middleton's realization that her own son is a rotter. The play is filled with characters who live. This condensation is printed by courtesy of Mr. John Golden and the author.

THE CAST

(As produced by Mr. John Golden at the Little Theatre)

Fanny	Josephine Williams
Jerry Middleton	Leslie Howard
Mildred Sherwood	Anne Sutherland
Alice Middleton	Marie Tempest
Bert Boyd	Howard Freeman
Morgan Trendell	W. Graham Browne
Janet Trendell	Ann Merrick
Percival Faraday	Robert Lowe
A Caterer	John Clements

The scene throughout the play is laid in Mrs. Middleton's living room, furnished in the style of about 1900, the furniture somewhat worn and faded.

It is a fine March morning.

FANNY, a middle-aged servant, enters and goes to bedroom door.

FANNY: Mr. Jerry! Are you up? . . .

JERRY: (Off.) Yes, what's the row about? FANNY: You wanted me to call you to see that man about getting a position.

JERRY: Ha—let him keep his old position! (Enters in dressing gown and gives evidence of a hard night.) What time is it?

FANNY: It's after eleven, sir.

JERRY: It's Tuesday, isn't it? . . . Why isn't mother sitting there rushing off her newspaper story?

FANNY: She's been writin' it and writin' it all the morning, but awhile ago she said she was so nervous she couldn't think. . . . I think she's worrying about you.

JERRY: Oh, that's a way mothers have. . . . Fanny, let that be a warning to you—don't ever be a mother! . . . What time did I get in?

FANNY: It was just three, sir.

JERRY: If mother asks what time I came in, say at a quarter of twelve. . . .

(Door bell rings. Jerry starts for bedroom.

Mildred enters.)

JERRY: . . . Good morning, my dear aunt.

MILDRED: Morning?

JERRY: Well, whatever it is.

MILDRED: Don't you go to business before this?

JERRY: I don't go at all. . . .

MILDRED: You were discharged?

JERRY: Something like that. . . . You'll excuse me, won't you?

Alice enters. She is attractive looking, with quick, nervous movements, but an admirable bravura. She is clever and whimsical and gives a half humorous twist to even the most serious things she says. Cramped into a narrower groove than her talents deserve, and a prey to anxieties, she puts on an exceedingly cheerful front.

Alice: Oh, Mildred dear, so nice of you to come. . . .

MILDRED: What's the matter?

ALICE: Not so loud, dear.

MILDRED: Oh, Jerry's up.

ALICE: Is he? Well, anyway, he hates noises so early in the morning. . . . Every time he loses a position he becomes more sensitive.

(Telephone rings and Alice answers it.)

ALICE: Hello! Mr. Middleton isn't up yet. Yes, I know what time it is. . . . He's not very well. Well, the fact that he was all right last night doesn't prove that he is this morning, now does it? You don't believe me? Goodbye! Some people refuse to believe one's lies.



ARTHUR RICHMAN

Muray

Who marched firmly into the exclusive front rank of American playwrights with his notable drama "Ambush," and who, in addition to the simultaneous productions of his two new plays, "A Serpent's Tooth" and "The Awful Truth," is about to see his charming comedy "Not So Long Ago" done in musical form

MILDRED: The way you coddle that grown-up boy in there makes me positively ill! If his father had lived the boy might have grown up differently.

ALICE: If his father had grown up differently he might have lived. . . .

MILDRED: Why did you send for me? . . . It's about Jerry of course. . . . Another wild night, I suppose. . . . Didn't you say six months ago that his habits would change as he grew older?

ALICE: Well, I was right. They've changed from bad to worse. I think it was three when he got in this morning. I suppose that's what Longfellow meant by "The Children's Hour" . . . I found this under my door when I got up. (Gives Mildred note.)

MILDRED: "Dear Mother. Prepare for a big surprise in the morning. Jerry." . . . What can it possibly mean?

ALICE: It can possibly mean Virginia . . . a cabaret girl! His latest charmer!

MILDRED: . . . I thought it was a manicurist!

ALICE: All that's way back in the past—over a month ago! There's been a milliner since then. "Prepare for a big surprise." Isn't that the way you might announce an engagement? . . . Until Fanny went into that room with breakfast for me, I wondered if they were already married. . . . Not that breakfast for two would necessarily mean—however—. . .

MILDRED: . . . Has Jerry been spending money on this Virginia?

ALICE: I never knew cabaret girls were so extravagant!

MILDRED: Alice, your money isn't gone? . . . Randolph's fortune dissipated!

ALICE: "Dissipated"—"dissipated"—that's a good word! (Thoughtfully.) Poor Randolph! He died ten years ago. (Briskly.) But, of course, you know when he died. You're so nice, dear, I always forget you were his sister.

MILDRED: It's fortunate you have your writing.

Alice shows her a check for twelve dollars, the proceeds of the previous week's work.

ALICE: Now do you wonder why I spend the capital?

Jerry enters and chaffs his mother about the surprise he has in store for her, while Alice is tortured by the thought that he is engaged, or perhaps married, to the cabaret girl. Bert Boyd calls. He is sportily dressed, rather uncultivated in speech, and has a bold, free and easy manner. Together they announce that Jerry is engaged to a girl he had met only a fortnight before, Janet Trendell, the only child of a man Alice had known before her marriage. They are all overjoyed. Jerry says Janet and her father are coming to call that morning, and he and Boyd exit to bedroom.

ALICE: A father-in-law wealthy enough to take care of him! Somebody to pay his bills! Somebody else but me! . . . Not only has Morgan Trendell GOT money, but he's always had it. He's a fine, high-principled gentleman—this is probably the first serious mistake he's made in his life. . . . We'll have to make a show. Not that I'll tell any lies about our finances—I'll let them draw wrong conclusions, that's all . . . How do I look? . . . I haven't seen Morgan Trendell lately and I'd hate to have him say, "Goodness, how you've changed." The last time I saw him was five years ago, at his wife's funeral. He came to my husband's so I had to go to his wife's. Something seems to



Portrait by Edwin Bower Hesser

AGNES AYRES

One of the screen sky's major planets who shone with especial brilliance in the spirit-story "Borderland," quite one of the best films in many seasons



bring us together every five years, doesn't it?

Bell rings and Morgan Trendell enters with Janet. He is a dignified, matter-of-fact man, and devotion to his daughter has kept alive in him a great tolerance and tenderness. Janet is a beautiful girl, very sweet and gentle. Alice opens her arms and Janet goes to her.

ALICE: (Kisses her.) You're beautiful!
JANET: Oh, no.
ALICE: Yes, you are. Of course, I knew you would be . . .

Morgan tells Alice he has consented to the marriage.

ALICE: You — you know my son?

MORGAN: Only slightly —but two things have shouted loudly in his

favor—one is Janet—the other is the fact that he's your son.

JANET: Isn't Daddy a darling? Ah, that's the piano, isn't it . . . ? The one Jerry plays on . . . and composes on. You know, Daddy, you have a very accomplished son-in-law. He writes the words, composes the music, and plays . . .

Jerry and Boyd enter, and after introductions the latter leaves. Janet tells Alice that Morgan has often spoken of her.

JANET: He told me you used to be the most attractive girl he ever knew. . . . And not only the most attractive, but the frankest and squarest! . . . And when I said to him, "Jerry is the son of Alice Middleton" . . . you should have seen the change in him! "Oh," he said, "that's different. If he's Alice Middleton's son, go ahead and take him."

Mildred is amused, but all through this recital Alice has fought an inclination to weep, and now gives way. Mildred comforts her.

ALICE: (Tearfully.) It's all right. (Raises her head, smiling through her tears.) Love stories always affect me like that . . . What a darling Janet is.

MORGAN: She is! She is! No Europe for her this year.

ALICE: No, nor for Jerry, either.

MILDRED: What! Did you intend sending Jerry to Europe this year?

ALICE: Why, you know I mentioned it to you only half an hour ago . . . I was going to Bellagio. I took a small apartment like this on purpose so we might run away and travel whenever the spirit seized us. But, of course, there was my work.

MORGAN: I've heard something about your work. Writing, isn't it? . . . You always were clever. I expect Jerry gets a lot from you.

ALICE: Oh yes— (Eyeing Mildred.) He gets a lot from me. . . .

MORGAN: I'd like Jerome to have a job. Looks better. . . . Still, he's very young. . . . That will arrange itself in time. We won't let money stand in the way. . . . My little girl's happiness

is the only thing that counts with me. Has he —has he any prospects? . . .

ALICE: (In difficulty.) They're not very definite —(with a gesture) just prospects!

MORGAN: (Glancing at Jerry.) He's very attractive . . .

MILDRED: Indeed he is. And so entertaining! I never meet Alice that she hasn't some new story to tell me of what he's been doing . . .

JERRY: Janet wants to see my cups and things.

MORGAN: Cups?

ALICE: Tennis cups he won years ago!

MORGAN: (Admiringly.) Plenty of accomplishments, hasn't he?

ALICE: You have no idea how many different things he does. . . .

(To Mildred.) I hope the room is tidy—and the photographs—Oh, Janet! To save you from becoming jealous, dear, the girl on Jerry's desk is Virginia, my cousin's daughter in Canada.

JANET: (Laughs gaily.) Don't explain. I intend making Jerry jealous about lots of people. (Exits with Jerry and Mildred.)

Alice and Morgan talk over old times.

MORGAN: . . . What a wilful, capricious girl you were! . . . Here one minute and there the next!

ALICE: (With a touch of sadness.) I'm here all the time now. . . .

MORGAN: I'll need company now. It'll mean a great change in my life to have Janet leave me. . . . You're still very good looking, Alice. It'll be a pleasure to take you where we'll be seen. . . .

ALICE: . . . I'm a middle-aged Cinderella who sits at home dreaming of other people's parties.

MORGAN: Well, I have a coach and four! That is, it's a pretty comfortable limousine and hereafter you're going to the ball along with the rest of us. These young people shan't have a monopoly of happiness if I can help it.

Mr. Faraday is announced and Alice has him shown in while she and Morgan join the others. Jerry enters and he and Faraday quarrel over notes for \$2,200 covering Jerry's gambling losses and a diamond pin he had bought from Mrs. Faraday for Virginia. Jerry tells of his engagement to Janet and asks Faraday to wait until after the marriage for payment. Hearing their loud voices Alice enters and on hearing Faraday's story she

agrees to sell her last bond and give Jerry the money to pay in two days' time. Faraday departs satisfied.

ALICE: Jerry!

JERRY: (Casually.) Yeh?

ALICE: (Unable to control herself.) Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

JERRY: I'm not in the humor for a lecture.

ALICE: I'm not in the humor to sell my bond, but I'm doing it. Aren't you ashamed? . . . You gave me your word of honor you wouldn't gamble any more. . . . The worst of it all is counting on Janet's father to pull you out. . . . There's another thing that worries me. She's a lovely girl, Jerry. . . . I'd hate to have her come to any harm through us. Jerry dear, when you told me you were engaged to a nice girl I was happy because I thought you loved her. . . . I can't help feeling if you loved her enough you wouldn't have joined that girl after you left Janet last night.

JERRY: Didn't you hear me say it would be the last time? You can't break off a friendship without a word, can you?

ALICE: You WILL be kind to Janet? You won't make her unhappy?

JERRY: Of course not.

ALICE: I wish I understood. . . . How to reach the real Jerry inside of you. A mother SHOULD know, yet I don't. It's just as though you kept me in an outer hall—the thing I want is in the next room, but you've shut and bolted the door.

(The others enter.)

MORGAN: Business settled?

JERRY: Practically—told him he'd have his answer in two or three days.

MORGAN: . . . If there's anything I can do—

you may call on me.

JERRY: (Going to piano.) May I? I'll remember that all right.

(Janet joins him at piano.)

MORGAN: It's lovely to see the young people so happy, isn't it?

(Jerry begins playing softly.)

JANET: Listen, everybody! Jerry's going to play one of his songs for us!

MORGAN: (Pleased.) One of his own? All right, go ahead!

(They settle themselves to listen and Jerry plays.)

ALICE: (After a pause, to Mildred, her eyes glistening.) He's wonderful!

(Jerry plays on. Morgan lights a cigar ette.)

CURTAIN



JANET is told the bitter truth about JERRY

ACT II.

One week later.

Fanny and a caterer are making preparations for a dinner to be given in honor of the engagement. Jerry enters. Alice says Virginia has been telephoning the house and asks if he has been seeing her again.

JERRY: I'll be obliged if you stop asking questions about her.



Apeda

LESLIE HOWARD

A young Englishman not long out of the British army and comparatively new to the stage, who scored heavily with his magnificent performance as Jerry Middleton, the wastrel son, in "A Serpent's Tooth"



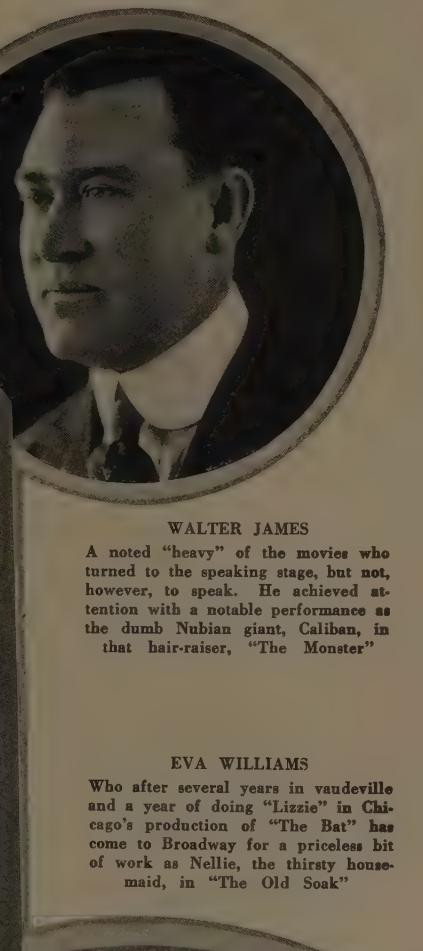
ALISON SKIPWORTH

Who since coming to America from England twenty-five years ago has been doing delightful character work—none dexter than her "Mrs. Pampinelli," the stage directress in "The Torch Bearers"



JACK DONAHUE

Who actually ran away from home and joined a circus and now waves the cleverest feet in the burlesque dance lists of America. He is the whole show called "Molly Darling"



WALTER JAMES

A noted "heavy" of the movies who turned to the speaking stage, but not, however, to speak. He achieved attention with a notable performance as the dumb Nubian giant, Caliban, in that hair-raiser, "The Monster"



Bloom



Lewis-Smith

Daguerre

HITS OF THE MONTH

Players Who Have Scored Notable Personal Successes in Recent Openings

ALICE: (Earnestly.) I couldn't bear to have you do anything that wasn't fair to Janet . . . This is the first time in my life that I've been close to a young girl, Jerry, and I'm fascinated . . . I marvel every day at the sweetness of her thoughts . . . We're together all the time. At first I thought she went about with me to please YOU, but . . . she really likes me. She calls me mother. I can't help thinking how you'd laugh if you saw the way I act around her . . . All the superficial, nonsensical things I used to say seem so out of place with Janet. Of course, I still tell lies about SOME things. Knowing her has made me feel like a good woman again.

JERRY: I don't know how it's made you feel, but it's certainly helped your looks. I can't see why you don't dress up this way ALL the time.

ALICE: I can't afford to. Now, especially— . . . since we paid that money to your friend, Mr. Faraday . . . I AM glad he's paid, aren't you?

JERRY: Of course.

(Mildred enters. Jerry exits.)

ALICE: . . . You were an angel to lend me a perfectly new dress. Does it become me?

MILDRED: Become you! You look like a demimonde.

ALICE: Millie, that's the first compliment anybody's paid me in years. And just to think, in less than a fortnight it'll be all over. They'll be married—happily married . . . Sometimes, Mildred, I feel like a conspirator in some foul deed. I'd hate to have Janet unhappy. That girl is a lamb of God . . .

Morgan and Janet arrive, and he tells everyone to clear out so he can talk to Alice. He says he wants to take Jerry into his business, and Alice assures him that Jerry will be delighted at the chance.

MORGAN: Good! Now I'm free to admire you . . . Confidentially, Alice, I've felt like it on and off for twenty-five years . . . Oh, I wasn't disloyal to Blanche, but it's curious how marrying a blonde makes you remember the blondes . . . Why have you been avoiding me . . . I've asked you twice this week to dine with me, once to lunch with me, once to take tea with me and twice to the theatre, and . . . you've refused the whole damned collection . . . What's the matter with me?

ALICE: (Earnestly.) Morgan, I think you're a dear . . . And from now on I'm going to let you pay all the attention in the world to me . . . I'm going to be a butterfly . . .

Jerry enters and they tell him the news about being taken into Morgan's office. Janet enters and they leave her alone with Jerry to talk over their new home.

JERRY: You dear little girl (kisses her) . . . It kind of frightens me to see how lucky I am . . . When I'm with you I feel sort of ashamed . . . Ashamed that I haven't been more decent . . . You know I'm going in business with your father . . . He probably realized right away how valuable I'd be to him . . . You know, I've had a lot of ideas about business and now I'm going to apply them . . . It will be great for your father . . . It'll be no time before I'm able to take his place . . . Mother's kept me back on other chances I've had . . . I've had to stay here and take care of her. . . . Couldn't GO any-

where. Turned down one job after another . . . It's my devotion to her that has kept me from striking out and realizing my ambitions. You've no idea how a mother holds a fellow back.

Bert Boyd enters and asks to see Jerry alone. He says Virginia is outside in a taxi.

BERT: She wants to see you. I wouldn't like to be in your shoes if she don't. She's so mad! Oh, boy, the noise she could make!

JERRY: I'll just run down for a minute—

BERT: And then go back to her—(indicating Janet in next room.) Oh, that'll fix it all right, that will!

Jerry is frantic and when Alice enters he tells her he must go at once to see a man who is leaving town, on important business. The taxi horn blows continuously and Bert hurriedly

ALICE: Janet, you love Jerry, don't you . . . ? **JANET:** . . . This is the first time I've wanted to make myself small enough to fit into a man's vest pocket and be so very close to the beating of his heart. It's the first time that his going through a door like that made a difference in the light of the room . . . Mother dear, why did you ask me if I loved Jerry?

ALICE: Because—Janet—I—I want you to give him up . . . To SAVE you, dear . . . from a life of suffering and misery. If you marry Jerry you'll be unhappy, wretchedly unhappy. He's not good enough for you, dear.

JANET: . . . Why, you yourself told me—

ALICE: Yes . . . I've deceived you—I've lied to you—but I can't go on with it— . . . you must know the truth— . . . Janet, dearest, Jerry . . . is not the nice boy you think—he's dissipated. He drinks and gambles . . . he is not to be trusted. He has promised and broken his word—he has failed me again and again. And he'll fail you, Janet . . .

JANET: I don't believe it . . . ! Something has happened—something that makes you want to take Jerry away from me and you've sent him away tonight so that you—

ALICE: Oh, Janet . . . you must believe me—you must—why, can't you see it has nearly killed me to tell you this? I love him more than anything else in the world—I—I'm his mother!

JANET: (Relenting.) Oh, I don't want to be cruel—but when you tell me such horrible things about Jerry I— . . . But even if it's true, I—I won't give him up . . . ! We'll help him to change—not all at once, perhaps—but we'll love him and love him—and love must win in the end!

ALICE: I used to believe that love had the magic to change character.

JANET: . . . It does. It has changed mine. It has made a different girl of me. I used to think it was fun to flirt—now I know I must keep myself clear of mean and cheap things for the man I'm going to marry.

ALICE: You lamb! You lamb! But Janet, the deeper you love, the more you'll suffer. Do you think it's pleasant to sit at home in a very lonely room and know the person you love is out there giving someone else the caresses you're longing for?

JANET: You think he'd be un— Oh no, no—no. He loves me too much!

ALICE: He doesn't—not deeply—not truly.

JANET: Then why does he want to marry me?

ALICE: . . . In one of the sacred books of the East there is a line I've never forgotten: "Rama heard the jingle of the bangles on the lady Sita's feet, and he said, 'Here comes a woman with whom I shall be in love.'" . . . I'm hurting you . . . But Janet, it's better to nurse a deep wound for a time than to go through the world sick and wretched for the rest of your life.

JANET: What kind of a mother are you? I have no idea why you're saying these things, but I don't believe a word of them.

ALICE: You're unhappy now because he went off like that. Do you know WHY he went? Because—

Janet is hysterical and calls her father to take her home, saying she will tell him nothing and he must not question her. They exit.

MILDRED: What does it mean?

ALICE: It means the end of everything . . .

(Continued on page 334)



Hesser

MORGAN decides he'll assume control of the Middleton family

exits. Alice is suspicious and finally, after exposing Jerry in one lie after another, learns that he has never broken with Virginia.

ALICE: (Vehemently.) You'd marry a sweet, gentle girl like Janet and continue an affair at the same time . . . For Heaven's sake, Jerry, don't do a thing like this. I can't bear it.

JERRY: (Laughs.) YOU can't bear it! What have YOU got to do with it?

ALICE: I feel like an accomplice in some terrible crime.

JERRY: Well, you ARE an accomplice . . . you've lied and pulled the wool over their eyes, haven't you?

ALICE: But this—is worse than anything I bargained for. You can't do it!

JERRY: . . . I'm going to, just the same. Yes, and you're going to help me. You're nearly broke and your one hope of getting on your feet is to have me disposed of. I'm sorry if my code of ethics doesn't appeal to you, but I'm afraid you'll have to stand for it . . .

Jerry succeeds in convincing Janet and her father that the business matter is too important to neglect, and saying he will return at "ten o'clock or so" he exits, leering at his mother. Alice asks Mildred to entertain Morgan for a few minutes while she talks with Janet.



Photos by Bruguière

It is midnight in plague-ridden Spain. Youth and Love flee from Death to a lonely castle on a distant mountain top and there, in ecstasy, abandon themselves to a dance of joy. But walls, however massive, are no barrier for the Master of Destruction. The sardonic strains of his fiddle soon interrupt the happiness of the lovers. Panic seizes them—Love swoons—Youth despairs and prays. When lo! the cock of dawn crows and Death fades away into the shadow of his tomb. Adolph Bolm as Youth, Ruth Page as Love and Olin Howland as Death are the artists who render this ecstatic classic to the synchronized music of Camille Saint-Saens.

LA DANSE MACABRE

Adolph Bolm Introduces His Noted Dance of Death to the Screen

The Versatile Winwood

A Chat with the World's Record Holder for Diversity of Parts in a Single Season

By BLAND JOHANESON

ESTELLE WINWOOD wishes me to say she doesn't know a thing about technique. Cunning lady, you ask me, myself, to erect a barricade of absurdity to which you could resort should you desire to discredit this interview! No, Miss Winwood, in spite of the disarming charm with which you make your too artless request, it cannot be said that you know nothing about technique. However, neither is it necessary to say that you do. Rather let us go to the root of this controversy and effect an honest compromise, saying: Estelle Winwood is too adroit to be adroit.

Hairpins in lovely coiffures, blots on beautiful checks, seams in chiffon hosiery, all publishers of the mundane mediums of bone and ink and thread which wrought these several miracles, are not more abhorrent to the discriminating connoisseurs of them, than to Estelle Winwood is the obtrusive glinter of technique through the shoddy mantle of an inartistic dramatic performance.

Do you praise a singer for her larynx? Miss Winwood wants to know. It's there. She has one, or she couldn't make such a lot of noise. But to leave the concert sighing, "Oh, what a larynx!" is not one whit more damning to the diva's art than the faint praise that "she certainly has mastered her technique," is to that of an actress. It should be taken for granted.

EARLY DAYS AND DRURY LANE

ESTELLE WINWOOD is not an accidental star, but an artist who happens to be an actress. She is serious in her art. Though her personal charm is great, she does not rely upon it to carry her through a play. The difference between a haphazard and an imaginative performance, is the distinction between an actress and an artist, Miss Winwood believes.

On her mantel-shelf are not alone the great plays in which she would be interested as an earnest actress, but poetry, essays, the old and modern philosophers. Miss Winwood reads and thinks and feels.

"I never made a decision to go upon the stage," she says. "It never occurred to me to do anything else."

Miss Winwood entered the Lyric Stage Academy to prepare for her career as soon as she had finished school. Sir John Hare, recognizing her possibilities, then made her a member of his company, with which she toured, playing Drury Lane melodramas.

This association and the one which followed with the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, brought her inevitably to London, whose theatrical citadel, ever vulnerable to charm and talent, she was then ready

to storm. She appeared in tragedy, farce, melodrama, plays from Masefield's "Nan" to a Coliseum review. The public she so soon was to abandon, now was at her feet.

She sailed to conquer a new world, and make her New York débüt in "Hush" at the Little Theatre in 1916. Among her suc-

tings in New York." (These were as Elizabeth, the runaway wife, with John Drew and Mrs. Leslie Carter in Somerset Maugham's "The Circle"; as Charlotte in "Madame Pierre," Arthur Hornblow, Jr.'s adaptation of Brieux's "Les Hantiers"; as Germaine Glandelle in Edouard Bourdet's "The Rubicon"; as Nastasya in special matinee performances of Dostoevsky's "The Idiot" and with Ethel Levey in her musical show, "Go Easy, Mabel".)

"I enjoyed 'Madame Pierre' especially, because in it I was required to portray a common girl, a character unlike all I ever before had attempted. And I found Robert Milton a remarkable director.

"I want to surprise people, even if it is to disappoint them. I want my friends to say, 'Estelle, I didn't expect you to play that part as you did,' because when I hear that I know I am avoiding the rut of 'type' performances. For instance, in 'The Rubicon,' though everyone expected me to play the bride in the spirit of broadest comedy, I am a wide-eyed, bewildered, innocent young girl, with my hair in curls. I enjoy that rôle, and I think it's in a charming play, entirely cosmopolitan and thoroughly French."

ART AND THE ACTRESS

WHEN I asked Miss Winwood for her views on acting she paused cautiously and ruminated for such a length of time I had to ask, "Haven't you any?"

"Many," she replied, "but I'm afraid airing them will sound conceited—" and she illustrated with the pathetic story of her Life's most harrowing week, during which she neither ate nor slept. It followed the publication in a western city of the efforts of a well-meaning interviewer who made her talk like a complacent fool.

Miss Winwood is gracious, charming, natural, mercifully without even a mannerism. She is not conceited. And she certainly is not a fool.

After I had assured her that even were I the most proficient gabler of conversation, no magic I possessed could make her either, she said, "Acting is so easy I never have been able to understand why such a fuss is made about it. Anyone can act. Master a little technique, accustom yourself to the stage, be natural, say your lines distinctly, and you are an actress. If you happen to be cast in a sympathetic rôle and are an appealing type, you are acclaimed as a genius. Then you can go right on appearing in plays exploiting this identical personality.

"To be an artist is not the same thing. You must learn to suppress your person-



Schwarz

"I never made a decision to go on the stage. It never occurred to me to do anything else."

cesses here were those in "Why Marry?", "A Successful Calamity" and "The Tyranny of Love."

Miss Winwood says: "I am thoroughly venturesome. I love to attempt whatever people think I cannot accomplish.

"My keenest admiration is for the quality of subtlety in art.

"I never have carried out a plan, so I have stopped making them.

"I never have regretted an experience however distasteful it may have been at the time.

"I consider the past season the most valuable one in my career, for I had five open-



ATLAS

*A Composition of Youth and Lovely Lines
Seen Through the Lens of Nikolas Muray*

A Brilliant New Season Looms Into View at the Metropolitan

Conducted By ROBERT NATHAN

SIGNOR GATTI and Mr. Guard are still in Europe as I write. In their absence it is impossible to say with any certainty who will open the opera season on the thirteenth of November. But one can guess that it will be *Jeritza*; and it is said that she will open in "*Thaïs*." *Thaïs* is Mary Garden's rôle; she created it, and she is fond of it. The Viennese soprano will present a different picture of the courtesan of Alexandria, whose friends were *Philina* and *Drosea*, and whom the philosopher *Zenothemis* called the incarnation of *Eunoia*, "the thought of God." Mme. *Jeritza* is tall and stately; it is quite possible that she will dominate *Nicias*, in much the same way that she dominated *Cavaradossi* in "*Tosca*." That would hardly please M. *France*, who understood that *Thaïs* was in love with *Nicias*, and that her unhappy moments proceeded from the realization that he did not love her as she wished to be loved. She was young, and rather simple-minded; she thought that love should be eternal and holy. *Nicias'* constant farewells depressed and humiliated her.

Mme. *Jeritza* is not a great singer, but she has other talents. She is a generous actress; she is a beautiful and graceful woman. And she is always a little surprising. You will remember how at her débüt last year, in the second act of "*Tosca*" she slipped and fell to the floor, and there, flat on her stomach, sang the difficult aria "*visi d'arte*." The audience, astonished and charmed, showered her with applause; it was a triumph. Mme. *Jeritza* is not the first woman to become famous as the result of a fall, but she is by no means the least attractive.

URBAN TO DO NEW "*THAÏS*"

THE sets for "*Thaïs*" will be done by Josef Urban. In addition, Mme. *Jeritza* will be heard as *Octavien* in "*Rosenkavalier*," and as *Elizabeth* in "*Thanhauser*." Her own stage manager, William Wymenthal, is coming from Vienna to direct for her.

Feodor Chaliapin has been singing in Sweden and England this summer. He will arrive in New York early in the fall; and is booked to sing eight times with the Metropolitan, and five times with the Chicago company. In addition, he will give six concerts in New York, at Carnegie Hall, and at the Hippodrome. He will then tour the country. His engagement recalls the days before Caruso, when people went to the opera to hear *Planeon*, *de Reszke* and *Maurel*. Today the great singers of the world are Chaliapin and Battistini. Those who have heard the great Italian, who is over sixty years old, tell me that his voice is still fresh, and that in bel canto he excels any

living singer. Unfortunately he will never come to America, for he is afraid of the sea. Chaliapin is not a bel canto singer, although his voice is scarcely less flexible than that of Battistini. The greatness of the Russian lies rather in his extraordinary vitality, and in his dramatic power. The whole man resounds in his voice, which is noble and thrilling. He might almost be speaking when he sings, the effect is at once so simple and direct, and so much more than music.

He will be heard early in the season, in *Boris*, in Gounod's "*Faust*," in Boito's "*Mefistofele*," and possibly in "*Don Carlos*," or "*The Barber*." M. Chaliapin believes that the devil is not a single individual like you or me, but that he changes his appearance with his moods. Or per-

It is possible that M. Chaliapin may be heard not only as *Boris*, but also as *Varlaam*, the old monk, a part he has often taken in Russia. I might say here that his make-up for the part is extraordinary. It is unfortunate that Mr. Gatti finds it inadvisable to attempt *Prince Igor* at this time.

In addition to "*Thaïs*," "*Rosenkavalier*," and "*Thanhauser*," the novelties and the revivals promised for the season include "*Parsifal*" in German, and Schilling's "*Mona Lisa*," in which Barbara Kemp, a dramatic soprano from the Berlin Opera House will probably make her débüt about the middle of the year. Schilling, who is known here principally for his "*Hexenlied*" which David Bispham used to sing, has taken for his book an exciting story with its base upon a triangle. What the music may be, I do not know, as I have not yet seen a score. "*Romeo and Juliet*" is to be revived, possibly with Bori and Gigli; it is interesting to remember that Miss Farrar made her débüt as *Juliet* many years ago, with Caruso. "*Wilhelm Tell*" will be sung in Italian, with Martinelli; and "*Snegorotchka*" will be given again, conducted by M. Hasselmans. Mme. Bori may also be heard in "*Anima Allegra*," by Vittadini, a young Italian who is said to follow in the footsteps of Puccini. I hear that Signor Casella grows pale when Vittadini's name is mentioned. This may be no more than gossip; nevertheless, one can understand that to the forerunners of the new Italian music, Puccini is something in the nature of a total loss. "*L'Africaine*" is also to be sung, with Martinelli, and Barbara Kemp.

FAREWELL TO "*ZAZA*"

SINCE Farrar is no longer in the company, both "*Zaza*" and "*Louise*" will be dropped. "*Zaza*" will hardly be missed; but I should like to hear "*Louise*" again, if only for the joy of listening to Rafael Diaz's harsh, fresh, and strangely thrilling voice in the third act. "*Carmen*" will be sung by Florence Easton, and by two newcomers, Ena Burskaya, and Sigrid Onegin, of whom I have heard the most favorable reports. As a matter of fact, it will be pleasant to see a new Carmen toss her rose across the stage. Miss Farrar's voice, these last few years, has hardly been equal to the part. It is amusing to remember that in 1878 the critic for the *New York Times* said of this opera, "The music may be spicy, but is not very pure." It seems pure enough to us now. Still, a really great Carmen might make it seem a little more spicy. One thinks of Gerville-Reache; she was a little large for the part, but one forgot that when she sang.

(Continued on page 336)



MICHAEL BOHNEN

The celebrated bass of the Vienna Opera whom Gatti-Casazza has included in the list of new artists to be heard at the Metropolitan this fall. Herr Bohnen will doubtless appear as Mephisto, the rôle in which he is here portrayed, his strikingly original interpretation of which has done much to establish his Continental reputation

haps M. Chaliapin knows that the devil is really a number of demons, and that his names are Satan, Lucifer, Mephistopheles, Adam Belial, Beelzebub, Astaroth, Belphegor, Lilith, and the Dukes of Esau. Gounod's devil is an elderly man, sophisticated and suave. The Mefistofele of Boito's opera is coarser and more fiery; he seems to M. Chaliapin to be younger, and more in earnest. The devil in "*Faust*" has grown a little weary of hunting for souls; he knows that they are not worth very much. It is *Faust* who is excited at the bargain; to the devil, it is just so much routine.

LUCREZIA BORI

Who will share with Jeritza much of the glory and many of the rôles that were Farrar's. Mme. Bori will doubtless be heard in "Anima Allegra," new opera by a youngster named Vitadini who is said to be destined for a place in the Italian sun occupied heretofore only by Puccini.



FEODOR CHALIAPIN

An intimate and characteristic portrait of the most significant singer of today. The famous Russian baritone is to be heard at the Metropolitan again this season in many rôles, among them, of course, "Boris," with which he literally stunned musical America last year. In-set is a study of his extraordinary make-up in the character of Varlaam, the monk, in which he may also be heard.



THE METROPOLITAN BEGINS TO STIR

Doings at the World's Most Interesting Opera House Promise Unusual Season



ADA BOSHELL, after sixty years on the stage, was recently presented with a loving cup by leading members of her profession who attended a party in her honor at the Music Box. In the presentation group are Miss Boshell and F. F. Mackay, behind whom stand William Collier, May Martin, Irving Berlin, Mary Milford, Sam H. Harris and Jeanne St. John.

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WILLY POCANY, the Austrian artist, has been engaged to recreate characters from storyland on the walls of the new Children's Theatre to be erected on Fifth Avenue with part of the three million dollar Hecksher Fund. Its first production will be at Christmas time.



Apeda

An actors' playhouse has been made a tangible fact by the Equity Association through their leasing of the 48th Street Theatre and their engagement of numerous important players for a series of plays, the first of which, "Malvaloca," with Jane Cowl, has already opened. Here Director Augustin Duncan is looking over the situation with a group of well-known players, including (from left to right) Joseph Sankey, Mr. Duncan, Elsie Ferguson, Grant Mitchell and Jane Cowl.

Keystone View Co.

The two ranking stars of stage and screen have a little visit together in Los Angeles. JOHN DREW had more than a passing interest in DOUGLAS FAIRBANK'S interpretation of "Robin Hood" due to his having played it himself on the boards a decade ago.

HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH

Things Here and There of Special Interest in the World of Make-Believe

HEARD ON BROADWAY

Stories and News Straight from the Inside of the Theatre World

As Told by



L'Homme Qui Sait

I HEARD with some amazement that D. W. GRIFFITH produced "One Exciting Night" without letting a single one of the people in it know the story they were acting. This is a return to the old crude style of slapping pictures on scene by scene with the director holding the script and the players doing what they are told without being expected to build up an intelligent characterization or motivation of what they are doing out of an understanding of the plot. Griffith performed this *gaucherie* out of a desire to keep the secret of the plot locked in his own bosom until the time of release.

PAUL POIRET, the famous Parisian dress designer, nurtured an ill concealed bad opinion of American revue productions. Apparently Paul has not seen any of the miserable stuff that they dole out under the name of revues in Paris these days!

BOLTON PROCRASTINATES

BROADWAY wonders when GUY BOLTON is going to write that "big play." For years Bolton, who showed enormous promise with his early comedies, has performed as expert doctor to dying musical shows. In one way this is fortunate for the American public, for certainly Bolton's bright mind makes a little brisker the awful books which are written by the second-raters. But for Bolton the lure of gold is an unfortunate temptation. One wonders when he is going to shut his eyes and ears to it, and stay put in his beautiful place at Great Neck and write the kind of play he really wants to write.

Everybody on Broadway seems to be wondering why MURRAY ANDERSON abandoned nakedness in his new Greenwich Village Follies. Anderson really started the daring exposure of the feminine form which prevails today in other revues. Modesty is comparatively triumphant in the latest Anderson show. Is this a twinge of conscience, or has the astute Murray decided to leave unto others that which they steal from him?

When "A Bill of Divorcement" is seen on the screen over here, CONSTANCE BINNEY and MALCOLM KEEN will portray the rôles created in the stage version by Katherine Cornell and Allan Pollock.

LAWFUL LARCENY REACHES LONDON

AL WOODS successfully opened "Lawful Larceny" at the Savoy Theatre, London, with an entire American cast including CATHERINE CALVERT, RUTH SHEPLEY, JEAN ROBERTSON, FORREST WINANT, MORGAN WALLACE and LEE BAKER. It followed "If Four Walls Told," a play which will more than likely be seen here this season.

JOSE COLLINS is now playing the Eleanor Painter part in "The Last Waltz" in London. After several years as "The Maid of the Mountains" it seems that Miss Collins has found a worthy successor. Bertram Wallis is again in her support.

Al Woods has had a hard time opening his Eltinge Theatre. First, "Lonely Wives" with CHARLES RUGGLES and WANDA LYON was announced as the opening attraction. After three attempts that was called off and "East of Suez" was lighted up in the bulbs outside the theatre with FLORENCE ELDRIDGE featured. That had to be postponed but finally opened with FLORENCE REED in the leading rôle. MEGGI ALBANESI will play the leading rôle in the London production.

HACKETT AS A TRAGEDIAN

I UNDERSTAND from many sources that HACKETT and his wife, BEATRICE BECKLEY, have been giving magnificent performances of Shakespeare abroad. They will soon be adding to our own roster of productions and one can almost hope that it will raise the standard a bit. It is interesting to see an actor of rating scarcely higher than a "popular romantic leading man" in this country turned into a "distinguished American tragedian" by Continental decree.

On the opening night of "Wild Oats Lane," MACKLYN ARBUCKLE made a speech to this effect: "It was about twenty years ago that George Broadhurst and I first entered into a business agreement, and that was when he engaged me to create the leading rôle in his new farce 'Why Smith Left Home,' which he did after witnessing my performance as Marc Antony in 'Julius Cesare.' I have never been able to quite figure out whether that was a compliment or an insult!"

"The Woman Who Laughed" opened in New York on one of the hottest nights on record. The climax of the second act necessitated the tying of GILDA LEARY to a sofa. What with the intense heat and being so tightly tied, Miss Leary fainted dead away, and the third act curtain was considerably delayed in ringing up.

When "Abraham Lincoln" opened in Chicago, the steel curtain was caught and the stage hands were unable to pull it up. The audience waited one solid hour and a half until the performance was able to start.

WILLIAM DEMILLE announces that there are just two classes of women in this country: "Those who write to Rodolph Valentino and those who don't."

PEACE IN ONE SHUBERT FOLD

I DROPPED into a rehearsal of "The Passing Show of 1922," which occurred after the evening performance at the Apollo Theatre, Atlantic City, and there were all the powers that be moulding and working on the massive production getting it ready for its New York showing. It was three a. m. The curtain had not rung down till after twelve, and J. J. SHUBERT, J. C. HUFFMAN, ALLEN K. FOSTER, and HAROLD ATTRIDGE were all working with indefatigable force with the principals and chorus. Quiet and efficiency reigned supreme—not an argument or a bad temper anywhere. It was a thrilling sight.

While EUGENE O'BRIEN was making personal appearances in St. Louis, his telephone rang one morning shortly before seven, and a feminine voice queried over the phone: "Mr. O'Brien, I saw you last night and wondered if you could give me Rodolph Valentino's address."

What a lot of credit should be given KAY LAURELL. Here is a girl that overnight forsook the chorus ranks of the Ziegfeld Follies and started out to make a name for herself in the legitimate. She joined "Ladies Night" for a season and "headlined" in vaudeville a season with successful engagements as the leading woman in stock companies in Newark, Washington and now in Yonkers. LILLYAN TASHMAN and NITA NALDI are two other recruits from the Ziegfeld forces who have made unusual and rapid strides.

MADGE TITHERADGE, not Irene Bordoni, is playing the Ina Claire part in the London production of "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" at the Queen's Theatre. NORMAN MCKINALL plays the part created here by Edmund Breese. JULIETTE DAY and ARTHUR BYRON are conspicuous in the cast which is now touring the eastern American cities over here.

THE TRUTH AT LAST

When the last Actor's Equity show was given, JOHN RUTHERFORD, who was a member of the "He Who Gets Slapped" Company, thought it would be a wise move to bring his costume, which consisted of little else than a pair of tights, down to the Lambs Club, where he planned to dress, and thereby avoid the crowd at the Metropolitan Opera House. With his costume donned, and with only a bathrobe to conceal it, he rushed down the stairs to a waiting taxi. It was pouring rain, and in his mad dash, he slipped and his slender covering was fearfully wrecked! Which is the real reason for his not appearing at the matinee!

How many people have enjoyed the work of ALICE TERRY in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The Four Horsemen" and revelled in her blonde beauty. Now, by way of a bitter disappointment, let me report that Miss Terry is a striking brunette, and like hundreds of others, wears a wig for the screen.

"Strike!" is an expression used in the theatre, when the stage hands have to change the scenery for the following act. When WANDA LYON made her début in New York in John Cort's production of "Flo-Flo," and the curtain came down on the first act, she heard the stage manager give the famous signal. Thunder-struck she rushed over to Mr. Cort and cried: "Oh, Mr. Cort, I am so sorry they called a strike—especially the opening night!"

ANOTHER ILLUSTRIOS SEXTETTE

BOOTS WOOSTER, WINIFRED LENIHAN, MAE COLLINS, JUNE WALKER, FLORA SHEFFIELD and BETTY HILBURNE formed a sextette of beginners in Winthrop Ames' "The Betrothal," who reached fame so quickly as to make them worthy rivals of the famous "Florodora" sextette. Boots Wooster was last seen as the featured player with Donald Brian in "Garrison and the Girls," Winifred Lenihan as the leading woman in "The Dover Road," May Collins as a star in pictures and lately in a new play by Percival Knight under the management of the Shuberts; June Walker as the lead opposite Ernest Truex in "Six Cylinder Love;" Flora Sheffield as the lead in "The Night Cap" and soon to play the lead in "The Faithful Heart;" and Betty Hilburne is now a successful cinema star.

HOLBROOK BLINN loves "The Bad Man" so much he vows he will not seek a new starring vehicle until he has played every prominent city in the country in his famous characterization of Pancho Lopez.

While MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO was rehearsing her vaudeville act the MRS. RODOLPH VALENTINO that is to be and the famous RODOLPH himself came to New York, planned a fake trip abroad, but stayed along Broadway under assumed names, Miss Hudnut at the Biltmore and the screen hero at the Waldorf.

Stamford, Baltimore and Washington have been used for so long now as "try-out" localities by the various producers, I should think it about time some new "dog towns" were discovered. How about

Southampton or Long Beach? Long Beach in particular, now that it has its own Mayor!

For the last few seasons at the Metropolitan Opera House FRANCES PERALTA has been attracting considerable attention by her gloriously rich voice. I recall how she first came into prominence as Phyllis Partington, when on the opening night of "Gypsy Love" in New York MARGUERITE SYLVA was taken ill during the first act and her understudy, Miss Partington, was rushed in to finish the performance and met with the instantaneous approval of the first night audience.

Carmen seems to be the favorite operatic rôle of the season. New York has already heard ALICE GENTLE, ZOE BARNETT, MARGUERITE SYLVA, DOROTHY JARDON, and STELLA DE METTE.

How much some of my readers would have appreciated being with me while GEORGE M. COHAN was putting some finishing touches on "So This Is London!" during one of the rehearsals. What a treat it is to watch this genius work out a situation, change lines, and just by his handiwork make everything really worth while.

CHEZ MONS. HARRIS

STOPPED in to see the dress rehearsal of William Harris, Jr.'s "Banco." Amongst those present were CLARE KUMMER, who made the adaptation, her daughter, MARJORIE, her daughter's husband, ROLAND YOUNG, GUY BOLTON, JOSEPH BICKERTON, LIVINGSTON PLATT, who designed the settings, and one or two other honored guests. The Harris rehearsals—especially those conducted by Milton—are always highly interesting affairs.

Again I can report the engagement of ARNOLD DALY. This time in a new play called "On the Stairs," from the pen of William J. Hurlbut, author of "Lilies of the Field" and "Trimmed in Scarlet" which both Grace George and Maxine Elliott starred in at various times. When this play was given a preliminary tour, Robert Edeson played the part Mr. Daly is at present filling.

Last month I mentioned several male "Powers Behind the Throne," but as always the woman's voice is heard, and here are the leading feminine directors: MRS. LILLIAN TRIMBLE BRADLEY, JESSIE BONSTELLE, MRS. HENRY B. HARRIS, RACHEL CROTHERS, ANN NICHOLS, and WILHELMINA WILKES.

Oliver Morosco is planning a musical version of "Sis Hopkins" this year with WANDA LYON in the title rôle.

Three of the best "money makers" in the movie world last year were NORMA TALMADGE, PRISCILLA DEAN and MAE MURRAY.

BIG SHAKESPEAREAN SCHEDULE

THIS season promises several Shakespearean productions. Already word has reached my ears of the following who have spent their summer studying various rôles: WALTER HAMPDEN, FRITZ LEIBER, ROBERT B. MANTELL, DAVID WARFIELD, MARY SERVOSS, BARNEY BERNARD, ETHEL, LIONEL and JOHN BARRYMORE, SIDNEY BLACKMER, EVA LE GALIENNE, JOSEPH SCHILD-KRAUT, OTTO KRUGER, and, of course, E. H. SOTHERN and JULIA MARLOWE. Of the present generation, why doesn't MARJORIE RAMBEAU try some of the great heroines? She would suit them all from Katherine and Ophelia to Rosalind and Portia. Bert Savoy, of Savoy and Brennon, says he is going to appear seriously as Rosalind this year. Bert will have his little joke!

John Craig, who for years managed the destinies of the Castle Square Theatre, now known as the ARLINGTON, is back at the famous Boston Playhouse once more trying out several new plays for H. H. FRAZEE.

MARGARET ST. CLAIR, who was a member of David Belasco's "The Gold Diggers" last season, made a hurried, but thorough, tour of the continent in six weeks last summer. She had clung to her passport so closely throughout her travels that when the *Adriatic* had trouble with its boilers and a fire started while at sea on her return voyage, from sheer force of habit the only thing she ran to save was her passport!



THE AMATEUR STAGE

Edited by M. E. KEHOE



Given a setting such as this, and outdoor plays follow as a matter of course. Vassar College Campus has been the scene of many delightful outdoor plays, but perhaps none has been of greater significance than the "Pageant of Woman's Opportunity." The scene is the Italian Episode.

When Elizabeth Grimball has a finger in the pie—and the pie is by chance, a play or a pageant, one may safely prepare for a treat. The merry group at the left is from the "Pageant of Woman's Opportunity" produced at Vassar College under Miss Grimball's direction.



"THE PAGEANT OF

WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY"

AT VASSAR COLLEGE

"Slowly through thousands of years
Through suffering and injustice,
Through patience and work,
The work and the faith and the pain
of millions of separate women and
men long dead
Are you here today.

* * *

*Glimpses I will show you of the past,
That you may see how this opportunity
came to be,
As if down the corridors of Time I
carried a candle on a windy night."*

These lines of the Prologue, addressed to the woman of today, epitomize the "Pageant of Woman's Opportunity," written for the Twelfth Biennial Convention of the National League of Girls Clubs by Mary Conger Vanamee, Vassar '05. It was a stirring portrayal of the suffering endured by Woman in her hard-won fight for self-expression, down through the ages, from the day of the primeval woman to the present.

The Amateur's Green Room

*News of the Colleges, Schools
and Dramatic Clubs*



THE LITTLE THEATRE OF MOBILE

THE Little Theatre idea is not new to the natives of the Southern city of Mobile—it is rather the re-birth of an impulse that had its beginnings 'way back in 1850, when an amateur organization known as "The Histrionics" came into existence and flourished for eleven years until the Civil War put an end to its activities.

Perhaps this love of the theatre may be attributed to the fact that a large proportion of the populace are descendants of the early Latin settlers, by nature dramatic, but whatever its origin, a long dormant interest in community dramatics has been revived and the Little Theatre of Mobile is today the center of the intellectual and artistic life of the community. On "Little Theatre Nights," social engagements are cancelled and regardless of weather or road conditions, people come from towns and villages far and near, to the Seamen's Bethel, where the Little Theatre has its workshop and presents its plays.

Six performances of three one-act plays were given the first season, among the most successful: "Helena's Husband," by Phillip Moeller; "Trifles," by Susan Glaspell; "Will O' the Wisp," by Doris Halman; "Spreading the News," by Lady Gregory; "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," by Harry Kemp, a scene from which is shown on the opposite page. Next season they plan to include at least one three-act play with their program of one-act plays.

TWO EFFECTIVE SETS

GIVEN the proper leadership, Youth, as ever responds unstintingly, as may be seen from the two interesting stage sets on the opposite page, constructed by the students of the George Weitbrecht Mechanic Arts High School of St. Paul. The scene from the operetta, "The Doctor of Alcantara" gave opportunity for the use of the thick-walled, balconied type of architecture. Important in action, the balcony was given accent scenically. The

tone selected for the walls was a plain dark gray, flooded with reflected lights from the red, blue and amber hanging olivettes.

For "King Hal," a street in Windsor was called for, with an inn. In order to centralize the interest where the action was most important—in front of the inn—the opposite side of the stage was filled with the sheer walls of a church, broken only by a stained glass window. A bit of rampart was introduced to vary the levels, with a silhouette of Windsor Castle in the distance. A touch of the charming half timber work of the period added variety to the scene, the stone work being indicated only by mottled blue, red and yellow of low value over a warm gray, which blended under the lights into a sympathetic background for the richly colored costumes. Who says that youthful "amateurs" lack the fundamentals of stage production?

THE STUYVESANT PLAYERS

THE Stuyvesant Players of New York have established themselves for the opening of their fifth consecutive season in their new headquarters and the director, Lester Margon, announces that he will welcome applications from experienced non-professional players who wish to join the organization. During the past summer, Mr. Margon received nearly a hundred one-act and longer plays, a number of which have been accepted for fall production.

STAGE STARS TO LEND AID TO COLLEGE PLAYERS

AN advisory committee from the professional theatre composed of men prominent in stage decoration, acting and producing has been formed to help advance the work of the Washington Square College Players of New York University. The committee will have as its chairman Louis Calvert, author of "Problems of the Actor," who is now appearing in "He Who Gets Slapped." The other members are Dudley Digges, who played Jimmy Caesar in "John Ferguson" and Clegg in



Not the "Chauve Souris" but an equally authentic Russian interlude, showing a bit of home-life in the land of the steppes as portrayed by members of the senior girls' club of the Henry Street Settlement, at a recent Russian bazaar for the benefit of the summer camp of the club at Yorktown Heights.

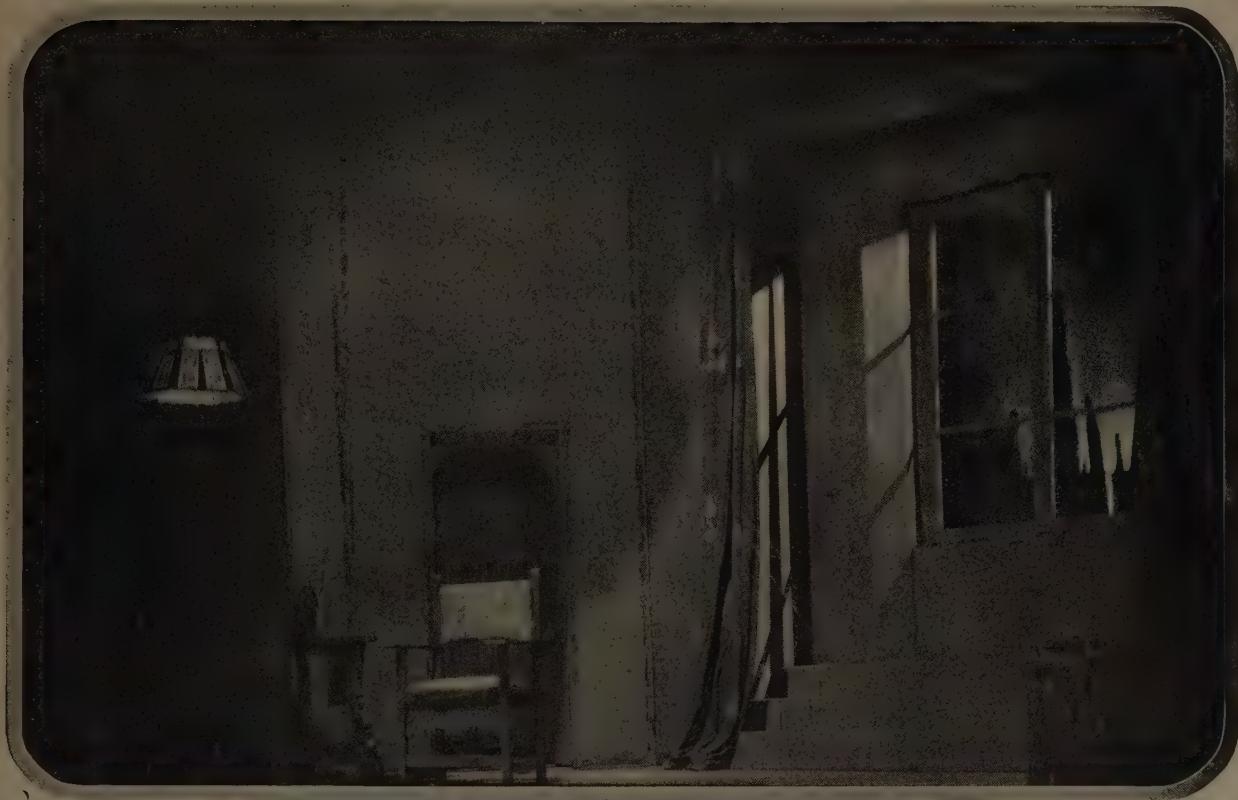
"Jane Clegg" and for the last two seasons has been appearing in "Mr. Pim"; and Sheldon K. Viele, season technical director of the Theatre Guild, and now designing sets for Brock Pemberton's new productions.

The Washington Square College Players, composed of Randolph Somerville's students of dramatic art at New York University, will open their third season in October in the New York University Playhouse, a new miniature theatre fashioned during the summer as part of the remodeling of the New York University building at Washington Square. The plays given will include Cohan's "Seven Keys to Baldpate," A. A. Milne's "Make-Believe," Molière's "Tartuffe" in recognition of Molière's tercentenary, and new plays by Malcolm LaPrade, Pierre Loving, Frances Agmar Mathews, Sawyer Falk, George Muller and Adolphe Mayer. The last three are students at New York University and members of the Players.

THE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

PROFESSOR E. C. Mabie announces for the 1922-23 program of the University Theatre, eight plays including an American comedy, a pseudo-crook play, two excellent English comedies with a touch of fantasy, an American emotional drama, a Shakespearian play and an Italian poetic tragedy; respectively, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," by George M. Cohan; "Mr. Pim Passes By," by Alexander A. Milne; "Adam and Eva," by George Middleton; "The Merchant of Venice," by Shakespeare; "Too Many Cooks," by Frank Craven; "The Copperhead," by Augustus Thomas; "Alice-Sit-By-the-Fire," by Barrie and "The Jest," by Sam Benelli. Stuart Walker's Company will present "The Book of Job" at the University, February 5th.

NOTE: Colleges, schools, little theatres and dramatic clubs are invited to send announcements for publication on this page, which will be a permanent feature of The Amateur Stage Department.



These effective sets for "The Doctor of Alcantara" (above) and "King Hal" (center) are the work of the students of the George Weitbrecht Mechanic Arts High School, St. Paul. Their

general aim in staging, is the creation of beauty and atmosphere rather than the delineation of nature or architecture. (A description of these sets follows on the next page.)



The Little Theatre of Mobile, although practically in its infancy, has already presented an important program of one-act plays. The set and costumes for this scene from "Boccaccio's Untold Tale," by Harry Kemp, were constructed by the active members, who work out their own scenery, costume and lighting problems—with excellent results.

Community Dramatic Activities

The Sheathing of the Sword—a Significant Pageant for Thanksgiving Time

By ETHEL ARMES
Community Service (Incorporated)

IF ever there was a pageant fitted for Thanksgiving times it is "The Sheathing of the Sword" by Dorothy Elderdice. Not a word about Thanksgiving is in it, but the spirit is there. And the pageant is played against so classic a background that it surely could not fail to delight any school and college in the country producing it. At the same time it would be of definite practical service to them in the way of helping to bring about in the student body something of the feeling of human relationship with people of ages past; an intimacy and fellowship with certain of the glories of ancient Greece, Rome, Palestine and the early American Indian life.

While it is an outdoor performance, and was written and produced last June for the specific purpose of dedicating the athletic field of Western Maryland College, Westminster, Maryland, it could, no doubt, be adapted for an indoor performance if Indian summer fails of its sunlight.

The initial performance of "The Sheathing of the Sword" took place June 10th on the athletic field of the Maryland College in the presence of a large audience among whom were the Governor of the State, the president of the College and representatives of the American Peace Society. In addition to the author and general director, Miss Elderdice, who is the head of the new Department of Drama of Western Maryland College, the pageant staff included: Miss N. C. Lease; Miss Elise Dorst; Mrs. Harry Kimmy; Miss Faith Millard, Miss Anna Shriver, Miss Lottie Moore, Miss Helen Fowble, Miss Alleman, Mr. Eltinge Reifsnyder; Mrs. Isanogle, Miss Mary Cunningham; Miss Corinne Troy, Mrs. Howard Reinhardt; Mr. L. D. Penn; Miss Reine Musgrave; Mr. Harvey Stone, Prof. E. A. Woodhead; Miss Dorothy McDaniel, Miss Marjorie Lewis, Rev. W. P. Roberts, Mr. R. F. Cromwell, Mr. Sterling Edwards; Prof. S. Schofield; Prof. Carl Schaeffer. Captain E. G. Smith, United States Army was marshal of the Day. The Episode directors were as follows: Tournament Director, Lieutenant B. F. Farrar, United States Army; Olympic Games, Mr. Holly Keller, Mr. C. A. Read; The Last Grand Council, Mr. James M. Stoner; The Augustan Processional, Mr. Harry G. Berwager, Mr. Luther Wimert; The School Processional, Mr. Grover C. Taylor; The Homemakers' Chorus and Processional, Miss Rachel Everett.

A COMMUNITY PRODUCTION

THE pageant was a community production, nearly every organization in Westminster participating. The first, or Greek episode commemorating the institution of the Olympic games was presented by the college; the second, or Roman scene,

by the Knights of Pythias, the Junior Order of Mechanics and the Independent Order of Mechanics. The Gloria in Excelsis was sung by the Pageant Chorus. The Field of The Cloth of Gold and the English-American episode were presented by The Westminster High School; the Japanese episode and the dance in the final scene by the younger school children of Westminster; the Pan American episode by the girls of Western Maryland College, assisted by the Young Women's Clubs of Westminster. The Last Grand Council was presented by The Red Men. The schools of Carroll County and the Homemakers' Clubs of the county united in the presentation of the final episode.

The athletic field forms a natural stadium. The Prologue especially impressive, to quote an editorial in *The Advocate of Peace*, "consisted of the Four Ages—Ancient, Medieval, Modern and future—escorted by four Heralds with a fanfare of trumpets. 'Peace' with her attendants entered and took their positions upon the dais, grouped with the Ages." The "First Victory," entitled "Greece: The Sacred Truce," comprised Iphitus, Prince of Elis; Apollo, in his car of day, preceded by Aurora and surrounded by the Seven Hours. There was the Master of Games, the Greek chorus and processional, and the athletes.

The Second Victory, called "Pax Augusta: Rome," presented the Praetorian Guards, the Vestal Virgins, consuls and senators, priests and Agrippa. There were the flute players and children playing ball with Etruscan dancing maidens.

The Third Victory, called "The Nation: Palestine," was an introduction to the Fourth, called "The Field of the Cloth of Gold." The English standard-bearers with St. George and the dragon, the French bearing aloft the lilies of France, the two kings, Francis I and Henry VIII, entered and saluted each other. There was a canopy with two thrones side by side. The two kings dismounted and took their places. There was a carnival dancer. There were two tourney-riders on caparisoned horses. The riders tilted. First, the French rider was unhorsed; then the English rider. Between the two actions the French king arose and toasted the English king, greeted by acclamation from the spectators. After the second action the English king returned the compliment amid the acclamations of the English. The two kings remounted and rode off together, followed by the English and French, mingling happily together.

The Fifth Victory, called "Friendly Relations: The United States," pictured Columbia and Britannica, the United States and Japan, and closed with what was perhaps the most picturesque of all,

"The Last Grand Council," suggested by the meeting of the American chieftains in September, 1909, in the valley of the Little Horn, Montana. The old chief came alone to the center of the field. Smoke signals arose from the adjoining hills; runners announced the coming of the chieftains. Indian women followed and lit the council fires. They smoked the pipe of peace. The white brother came. They greeted each other with solemn eloquence. They said a farewell. Then all marched away, leaving the chief standing alone, until at last, he, too, followed.

BUT if this Indian scene were the most picturesque, the most beautiful of all, called Pan America, represented the two Americas united by the Bridge of Water, the Panama Canal. The Atlantic and Pacific were depicted by a dancing drama by maidens with sea-colored scarfs, called "The Meeting of the Waters." The final formation represented the canal completed, and through it advanced representatives carrying flags of each of the twenty-one American Republics, marching stately onward to Peace.

The final "Victory" was called "Peace Universal." It was led by the dance of children and by the flight of doves from the four corners of the field. A white-clad host also, with gradually increasing ranks, came marching. Meeting in the center, they encircled the dais and sang the World's Doxology of Peace.

This pageant is one of the new community productions listed by the Bureau of Educational Dramatics of Community Service (Incorporated.) It is copyrighted by Dorothy Elderdice and permission to produce it is required from the author, whose address is Westminster, Maryland.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PAGEANT

THE foreword of the pageant written by Miss Elderdice, is eloquent: "The history of the world's peace movement is not recorded exclusively in the minutes of national covenants and disarmament conferences. It is chronicled likewise in picture-writing and stone carving, in song and ceremonial, in the spoken word and the living deed. No one can tell when the movement first began. Perhaps it commenced with the burying of the hatchet somewhere back in the shadows of the Stone Age. But, at any rate, we know that it had reached sufficient momentum to gain expression through a mighty prophet in the days of Isaiah. And in the history of Herodotus we find the following recorded as the cult of the Greeks at the time of Xerxes' invasion: 'I believe in one blood, one speech, one cult, one congruous way of living.'"

The Promenades of Angelina

She Dines at Tubby's Italian Restaurant and Observes the Artistic Celebrities Who Make It Their Rendezvous

Drawings by Art Snyder

AUTUMN really is the supreme season as far as I'm concerned . . . with people back in town, and the new plays opening, and one's winter wardrobe to buy . . . I have some of the smartest things, and am having the most thrillingly amusing existence . . . The family say I might almost as well be traveling in Europe for all they see of me . . . Especially as I've been going regularly once or twice a week with Tubby to his Bohemian restaurant . . . You remember I mentioned it in June . . . Tubby says it's like that famous hotel in Paris where the superstition was that if you sat in the foyer long enough eventually everybody of importance in the world would pass through.

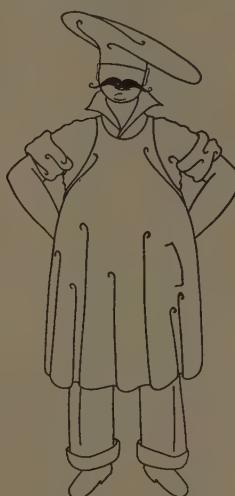
Passini's is like that . . . practically everybody of importance in the artistic world of New York goes there some time or other, and many of them go nightly. And Tubby says further it's the once place of real Bohemian atmosphere in this country . . . and that Signor Passini makes it like that because he has kept the Continental attitude towards his restaurant and his patrons . . . He's the greatest old dear of a character, offers the best of food at reasonable prices, and takes a pride in the artistic nature of his guests. Though he's as thrifty as the next Italian, a millionaire several times over is as nothing in his life in comparison with a "grand'artista" . . . And he hates noise and raucous laughter and bad manners . . . and is quite frank to say so . . .

Signor Passini starts the atmosphere . . . and Madama, frank critic of life and in-



Madame Bazzi, Caruso's godchild, who is making her American débüt, dines at Passini's wearing "typy" hats with lace scarves wound round the crown in this fashion.

comparable pantomimist, picks it up and keeps it going . . . and Giuseppe and Angelo, the near-perfect waiters, add their bit with the Neapolitan chef bravely completing it . . . especially "Chef," who cooks



Signor "Chef," who not only cooks the delectable Italian dishes at Passini's, but overlooks the room from time to time supererogatorily with intent to see that none misbehaves.

the delectable "scaloppine" and "spidini all' alici" and "fegatini di maiale con rete" . . . "big-es-pig-es livers" as it is translated to the uninitiate . . . all the good Roman dishes that your true connoisseur of Italian food knows and loves . . . In his own realm



The petite Simone de Bouvier, danseuse, of French doll size, never fails to "get the house" nightly when she enters cuddling the aristocratic and blasé Confucius.

"Chef" is supreme . . . not even Signor Passini can interfere if he puts his foot down . . . And when Giuseppe brings you the report that "the Chef, he say NO," that's the way that ends . . .

With that atmosphere as a background and the place filled with the further color and liveliness that a group of artists lends you can imagine what fun Passini's is . . .

Perhaps the most unusual person in the room was Maria Bazzi, the Italian actress, who is to appear in English this month

under the Gallo management . . . and who had the Italian author of her proposed play dining with her. Madame Bazzi is a lovely type . . . a pink roseleaf skin and black-lashed Irish blue eyes (from an Irish mother) with an individual method of dressing . . . long sheathlike frocks with a low neckline . . . and a pet trick to her small hats of winding them on with a strip of tulle or lace that goes over the crown of the hat and under the chin making a piquant frame for her face . . .

At the table next to Bazzi were Raymond Hitchcock with Karl Kitchin of "The World" and his so pretty Dorothy Follis wife, on the eve of her departure for a concert tour . . . How comic that deep, booming bass of "Hitchy's" is! It makes even so simple a thing as his calling for the spaghetti sound funny.

Madeline Delmar, who played opposite Otis Skinner last year in "Blood and Sand" was there that evening with an unknown escort, and wearing a ducky poke-bonnet shape of black velvet with an old blue ribbon round the crown, and two full-petaled roses poised on the brim, a flame-colored one above and salmon-pink below . . .

Frank Tinney was dining with several of his "Daffydills" at one table, and nearby little Marjorie Petersen of the Greenwich Village Follies and her inseparable mother . . . Little Petersen cast aside her hat and revealed a new permanent wave to our admiring gaze . . .

Tubby and I were at the long table with the petite Simone de Bouvier, and her picturesque de Bouvier husband . . . the Russian dancer, Kobileff, who danced all over the world with Pavlova, and who, believing that Simone has a future before



Was little Marjorie Petersen's heart in her eyes because she saw a good-looking Italian in the restaurant or because of all the attention her new permanent bob received?

her is training her . . . and his Highness, Confucius, the Pekinese, whose distinguished grandfather was the prize-winning Nanki Soo . . .

F A S H I O N

As Interpreted by the Actress



Remy Carpen, Parisienne, brought to Broadway her French chic, in these individual gowns from "The Plot Thickens." Her first-act costume was a lovely ensemble of russet tones, the frock of a vivid orange-brown moire, the hat of brown taffeta and velvet with a full frill of brown lace, and the French shoes of bronze with large bronze buckles. A noticeable head of amber-colored hair, which Miss Carpen wears in a thick knot at the nape of her neck, added the last delicious touch to the tonal quality of the picture

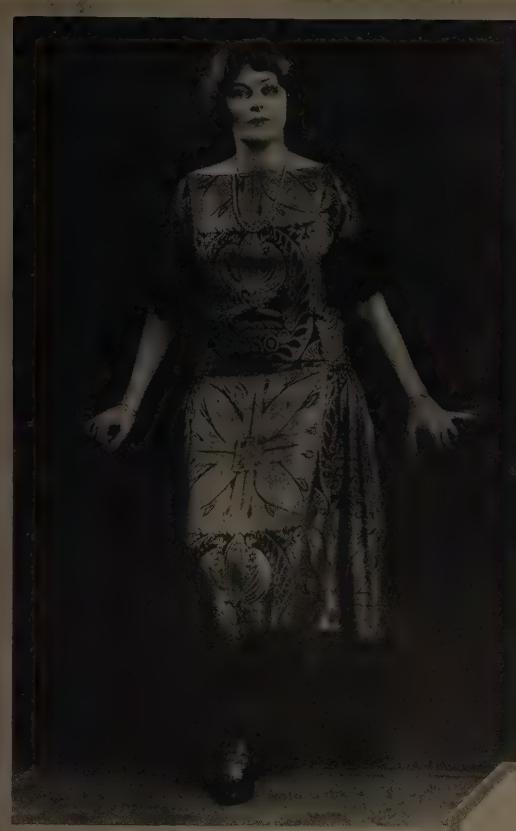


The charm of this robe intime of Miss Carpen's lies in its simplicity of line and curious quaintness of coloring, a luscious shade of turquoise blue chiffon having been hung over a silver sheath, and embroidered with a patterned strip of tiny beads, blended in shades of dark green and turquoise, coral and petunia pink.



In the last act Miss Carpen wears this picturesque frock of soft black velvet which "dates" about twenty years ago, being made in the "princess" fashion of that period, long, full, flowing skirt and all. In keeping is the deep bertha of Duchesse lace, a mode that started a popularity for itself last winter, and the flat cuffs of lace falling over the hands.

Francis Bruguière



White Studio



If we were asked to recommend a striking "all-round" model for a frock, one that could be worn also for a variety of occasions, formal and informal, we think our choice would fall on this long-waisted, full-skirted gown of Miss Boland's, of a marvellous blue and rose and gold brocade material with fox fur trimming. The model is from Bergdorf Goodman.

THE MODE AS MARY BOLAND

WEARS IT IN "THE TORCH

BEARERS," AND AT HOME



Apeda

Yet if the long slim sheathlike lines of the past two years still appeal to you, you may be perfectly smart in an evening gown of this type, a Germaine model also from Bergdorf Goodman, of gold and bronze brocade and a deep flouncing of gold lace, which jewelled bands hold over the shoulders and at the elbows.

In the first act of "The Torch Bearers" Mary Boland looks enchanting in this frock of palest lime-green taffeta with brown fur outlining the neck, a crimson and pink French nosegay cuddled in the fur and gold-brocaded slippers, for spots of color. An interesting note of the long skirt is the tuck that curves across its front, a few inches below the waistline, shortening the hem directly in front.



(Above) A most original frock-suit that every woman who sees it will want to copy, is worn by Mary Boland in the third act of "The Torch Bearers." The frock proper, of blue twill, trimmed with white silk braid, has an under-blouse of white crepe, its transformation into a suit being effected by thrusting the arms into a backless jacket which fastens to the shoulders of the frock by two large buttons

At left and right is that engaging bit of youth and femininity, Helen Ford, the "Girl" of that musical comedy hit at the Earl Carroll Theatre, "The Gingham Girl." Miss Ford is posed in two charming squirrel-trimmed models from The House of Youth.

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Edith Bennett.

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With sincerest regards,

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Yours very truly,

Edith Bennett

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whose youth and
charming personali-
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wonderful voice,
make her a favorite
in concert circles.

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(Continued from page 295)

in writing limping feet of it. Love and marriage and motherhood interrupted for a short time her ambitions. But only for a short time. I have seen a shabby little studio in Fifty-seventh Street near Sixth Avenue, where she used to lock herself in, to write. "Mrs. Thomas doesn't come here often but when she does she stays a long time," said the janitor.

Into the Thomas home came that too frequent visitor in many homes, difference of opinion. That became discords of temperament. Divorce followed. At Easthampton, L. I., Mrs. Thomas met John Barrymore, of the beautiful, melancholy face. Even though the green tights which caused such flutters in the hearts of matinee maids were missing in the conventional attire of smart Easthampton, Mrs. Thomas felt her admiration for, and trust in the human male spring again into life. She wrote "Clair de Lune." She attended the rehearsals of "Richard III." When his health broke under the confined strain of Richard III, and the cinema drama, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and Mr. Barrymore went to Muldoon's to be rebuilt, Mrs. Thomas made daily and solicitous telephonic inquiries as to his welfare. It was Mr. Barrymore's

solicitude about these telephone calls at Muldoon's that started the gossips twittering. This time the gossips were right. The marriage of Barrymore and Blanche Oelrichs Thomas (Michael Strange) followed soon at the Ritz.

Mrs. Barrymore is of the bluest of blue blood in America. Some of her Newport set have even designated her marriage to one of those aristocrats of the stage, the Barrymores, as "just a little slumming in Bohemia that dear Blanche will soon tire of." But they may be forgetting her Michael Strange phase. The name is austere, unyielding. And forget not that she chose it because she did not wish the newspapers, nor any publisher, to print her verse because she was a "poetess of the Four Hundred." As Michael Strange she would stand or fall. Which shows sturdy stuff not in accord with Newport's theory of "dear Blanche's little slumming trip into Bohemia."

"On the whole a good sort and certainly very beautiful," is stageland's summary of John Barrymore's wife. With which Helleu, the French etcher, would agree. "Mrs. John Barrymore," he said, was "the most beautiful woman in American society."



THE VERSATILE WINWOOD

(Continued from page 316)

ability instead of flaunting it. You must transform yourself into a character some author has conceived and put into a drama. Her mannerisms must replace yours, her voice, her carriage, her very point of view must obliterate your own. Then you are no longer an actress. You have become an artist.

"Players should not act to entertain or glorify themselves. They should act to produce the proper reactions in the other characters of the play and the proper feeling in the audience.

"If actors and actresses are artists

they will be able to play upon the audience as on a sensitive instrument. It will cease to be row on row of detached, unrelated individuals. It will become a One, an Audience, with a unified emotional response to the drama upon the stage.

"It is only by constantly appearing in good plays that the art of an actor or actress can be increased and developed. And it is only in good plays that it can be estimated. By 'good plays' I mean those written by authors who are themselves artists."



NEW BRUNSWICK RECORDS

"Zaza, piccola zingara" and "Buona Zaza," these two arias for baritone have always been outstanding numbers in the popular Leoncavallo Opera. And the artist who sings them with fullest effectiveness is Giuseppe Danise. All the luscious richness of Mr. Danise's superb voice is in these unusually fine recordings.

Liszt has made few transcriptions more pianistically satisfying than that of Mendelssohn's love air, "On Wings of Song." From beginning to end the composition radiates tranquility, and its high lights are emphasized with peculiar fidelity by the insight and playing of Godowsky. The clarity in phrasing, the depth of tone and its "singing" quality are noteworthy points of superiority in this record. But over and above all, it is the true

piano tone which the listener hears and enjoys. The same is equally true in the Liszt "Tarantella Venezia Napoli." All its vivacious color and scintillating passages of dazzling rapidity carry one back mentally to the concert auditorium with Godowsky actually playing before an enchanted audience.

Among the popular vocal records "Dixie Highway" and "Brother 'N-Law Dan" enable Marion Harris to give never to be forgotten recordings. The gospel she preaches in "Brother 'N-Law Dan" which was written by a brown-skinned Broadway bard, is excruciatingly funny. She gives us very humorous treatise on the time-worn and eternal triangle: "Brother 'N-Law Dan' you sho' can love much better than your brother Joe can."



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Tempted balls for background. Jeweled women as foreground . . . A dazzle of daring gowns. A riot of gorgeous robes . . . High-voiced débutantes. Low-voiced cavaliers. Eyes . . . A dinner party from the American colony. A composer from the Bohemian colony. Backs . . . Names laden with millions; necks hung with fortunes. Personalities steeped in fables; shoulders heaped in sables . . . And, enveloping all, that indefinable aura which betokens the presence of beautiful women—

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(Continued from page 314)

I thought when he came to know that pure, sweet girl, he might change, but now I know he's no good, and I was a liar and a cheat to pretend that he was. Thank God I realized it in time, so I told her everything. I pulled down the pillars of the temple I had built and Jerry and I are standing in the ruins. I've wrecked my son's future and he'll never forgive me, but I've saved that girl—don't you see—I've saved that girl!

CATERER: Dinner is served. (Exits.)

ALICE: Dinner! Fifty dollars for the dinner—only you and me—twenty-five dollars a head! (Breaks into hysterical laughter and exits with Mildred.)

CURTAIN

ACT III.

The next morning.

Jerry is preparing to go down town to keep an appointment with Trendell. Mildred enters.

JERRY: (Surprised at seeing her.) Good morning! . . .

(Alice enters)

JERRY: (With infinite tenderness.) Aunt Mildred says you were nervous last night, mother . . . I hope nothing went wrong . . . With the dinner, I mean.

ALICE: Oh, the dinner was delicious.

JERRY: You see, mother, I told you my leaving wouldn't make much difference.

JERRY: . . . You came home very late, didn't you?

JERRY: Not later than usual.

ALICE: Yes, They didn't wait that long . . . (Jerry exits) . . .

JERRY: Now that I see him, I despise myself! . . .

JERRY: I was never meant to be serious. I tried it last night and you see the plight I'm in . . . All I knew was that I saw a knife descending and I was the only person who could keep it from a very tender neck. I suppose I took it for granted that Janet would give him up. But she won't! She'll tell him out of loyalty, then she'll go ahead and marry him . . . Some girls are like that—they'll hold on to the man they love . . . no matter what they suffer for their devotion . . .

MILDRED: You were just the kind of a fool you say Janet is. You clung and clung and suffered for your devotion . . .

Mildred exits as Morgan enters.

MORGAN: . . . We came here last night to celebrate the engagement of Janet and your son. Jerome was called away before dinner and Janet was left talking to you. Something happened during that conversation that made her rush off . . . It's natural to suppose that you disapproved of the marriage . . . you feel my kid would be wasted on Jerome . . . You advised her to break it off . . . I'm

afraid Janet hasn't taken your ad . . . (He asks if Jerry has any pleasant debts and Alice says he paid any debts he may have incurred.) MORGAN: I took a great liberty with your premises just now because I wanted to talk to you about all that. (Goes to door.) Come here, please.

Faraday enters. He had called at Morgan's office to demand payment of Jerry's notes. Alice proves by bank statement that she had made a check for Faraday and says she sent it to Jerry to pay off the notes. Faraday says his name is endorsed on the check but it is not his handwriting. Alice realizes that Jerry is a forger.

ALICE: He's weak and foolish—not bad—he doesn't understand.

FARADAY: She's right, sir. I've seen a hundred cases like Jerry's and most every time it's the parents who are to blame. When they're kids, the mother finds excuses for every

they do; when they get into scrapes, the mother helps 'em out . . .

like saying to him: "Go ahead—do the rotten things you want and see that nothing happens to you."

ALICE: It's all true . . . I DID make excuses for him—I DID help him out of trouble—I DID make wicked things easy for him, I most often

Oh, Morgan, you can never understand how much I love him . . .

(Jerry enters unseen and lists)

Can you realize how for years I lived only for the love of him? I see it all now! My love has done more harm than good . . . I'm to blame!

It isn't Jerry's fault, it's mine—it's mine . . .

JERRY: Mother!

ALICE: Forgive me, Jerry, for me!

JERRY: (Hugging and petting him) Don't cry, mother—. . . Oh, God's sake, mother, please don't never saw you cry before in my life . . .

Jerry explains that he had the money because a girl would make trouble. Morgan agrees to help him and the latter exits . . .

JERRY: I won't bother you any more. I'm going to clear out!

MORGAN: . . . Going away enough. You've got to prove yourself before you come back. (Janet enters)

JANET: Last night your mother said terrible things about you, but it didn't make any difference . . .

JERRY: . . . All that mother told was true. . . I'm not square. I'm a forger, too . . . I've done many rotten things I can't remember them all.

(Continued on page 334)



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B R U N S W I C K
PHONOGRAFHS AND RECORDS

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

(Continued from page 334)

JANET: Why, Jerry, if you're sure you love me . . . then nothing else matters.

Morgan suggests that Jerry go away, on a ranch, for a time.

JERRY: . . . I'm going to stay long enough to prove I can be different—if I can. Afterwards, if you haven't changed your mind, maybe your father'll let me talk to him about you and—(stops awkwardly.) It's hard to say these things in front of people.

MORGAN: My car is downstairs. Why not take a ride and talk it over? . . . And, Jerry, if I were you I'd tell her the truth about everything.

JERRY: I will.

JANET: (To Alice.) Will you forgive me? (They embrace and kiss.)

ALICE: My dear! (Janet goes to Jerry and exits. Jerry turns in doorway, gives his mother a farewell look, and exits.)

ALICE: Isn't it wonderful! And you're wonderful, too, Morgan! But

that money to Faraday—. . . After I've paid you, there'll be—twenty-two hundred off of—.

MORGAN: What you really need is a good job . . . You could take over the upbringing of Janet . . . While you're doing that, I'd attend to Jerry . . . I'm going to marry you . . . Can you suggest any arrangement that would be better for the children?

ALICE: So that's your reason?

MORGAN: I have a far better reason—I love you! Of course, there's the possibility that you don't want to—

ALICE: I shouldn't let that possibility worry me if I were you, Morgan.

MORGAN: (Starts to embrace her, then hesitates.) Good! Now, let's see. There's the license to get, people to be informed—

ALICE: Don't be a damn fool, Morgan. There's only one thing to get—

MORGAN: What's that?

ALICE: My hat! (They embrace.)

CURTAIN



MUSIC

(Continued from page 318)

"Manon" will be sung by Bori, "Butterfly" by Easton. And Easton will divide Marguerite with Mme. Alda. "La Navarraise" is to be dropped; this, at least, is the best of news.

The company, with few exceptions, will be as it was last season. Herr Sembach is to rest for a year; Herr Kurt Taucher, from Dresden, has been engaged in his place. Mme. Muzio will not appear; on the other hand M. Gatti has engaged a number of German artists, including Paul Bender, a baritone from Munich; Michael Bohnen, a bass from Berlin; Elizabeth Rethberg, a lyric soprano from Dresden;

Delia Rheinhart, a lyric soprano from Munich; Carl Schuetzendorf, baritone; and Edward Johnston, late of the Chicago Company. Despite this array of German singers, it is doubtful if Wagner is to be sung very much. However, for those who have begun to grow a little hungry for the Ring, there is comfort in the reflection that in February a company of German singers from the Berlin Opera House, including Vera Schwarz, Ottile Metzger, and Fritz Vogelstrom, will settle down at the Manhattan for a fortnight of German Opera, including all the Ring.



NEW VICTOR RECORDS

Among the new Victor releases for October is the second record by Enrico Caruso to be issued since his death. It is a secular record, from an opera now nearly forgotten—the "Salvator Rosa" of Antonio Carlos Gomes, greatest of Brazilian composers. The number is a barcarolle-like melody sung by Genariello, a boy servant in the studio of Salvator Rosa. Originally sung by a soprano, Caruso reawakes the great days in singing it, in all his historical magnificence of style. It is an air incredibly Italian, considering its origin, rising here and there, as Caruso records will, to unrivaled pitches of intensity.

An odd scene, even for Italian opera, finds its way to one of the

October Victor Records. Tito Ruffo sings it—that moment from "Ernani," where Don Carlos, King of Spain, has overheard a conspiracy against himself while concealed in the tomb of Charlemagne. In this great aria—"O de verd' anni miei" (Oh Bright and Fleeting Shadows)—he dilates on the uncertainty of life and human affairs. Ruffo makes it completely realistic.

There is something almost pastoral in a charming and thoughtful record by Hans Kindler on the Victor October lists. "Reverie," from its very simplicity, calls for a 'cello tone rich, clear and resonant, thrown into sweet relief by deep orchestral harmonies. It is like being lost in an absorbing book to hear this simple record.

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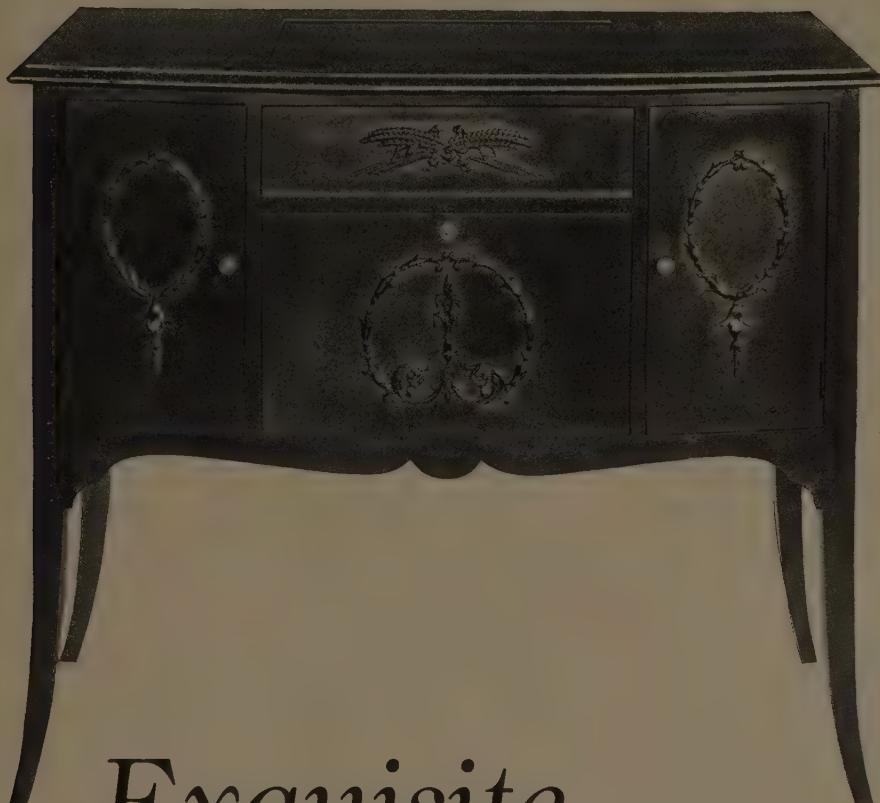
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ANNOUNCES

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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD



WE saw the lovely Peggy Wood just after she got back from her summer sojourn at Mme. Calvé's wonderful chateau in Spain, where she was both guest and student. Peggy is a person who always makes us wa- lyrical. We are no exception, however. Mention Peggy Wood's name any- where and you get an immediately enthusiastic response. Peggy is one of those veritable darlings of the gods. Not only has she youth, and beauty of an individual type. She has brains, she has a quite obvious charm as well. She is an accredited poet. She has a voice that Calvé believes in and is training. Small wonder people rhapsodize.

And small wonder, therefore, that when Miss Peggy Wood chooses in her turn to be enthusiastic over something we listen and take heed. We were coming down Fifth Avenue from the Plaza when we ran into Miss Wood at the corner of Sherry's. We couldn't help saying "how lovely she looked especially her skin, and we supposed she'd found something very wonderful in Paris." And Peggy said, "She was glad we liked her, but No it wasn't Paris . . . it was home production. She'd just come from _____'s," mentioning a beauty specialist, with whose name we were vaguely familiar. "You know her, of course," said Miss Wood.

We knew of her, of course, we answered, but we'd never been there . . . we didn't know anything really from personal experience. And that rather astonished the lady. Oh, but we should. She's marvellous! Her treatments . . . and her preparations . . . Why didn't we go in to see her now, we were right under her windows . . . she would guarantee we'd never regret it.

Well, that sounded simple enough, "try anything once" being our motto. So we sought out the elevator and went up. A young thing in grey crepe de chine greeted us. She had dark hair, dark snappy eyes, a lovely soft cream complexion. Yes, she knew who we were, and she'd always rather wondered why we'd never been there. She had so many actresses among her clientele. But she wasn't the head, was she, we asked in some surprise looking around at the extensiveness of the place. Yes, she was . . . why not? Well, she looked so frightfully young to be at the head of such an establishment. A smile . . . She'd been in business fifteen years. Whew! we said to ourselves. This mere child! What a whopping recommendation for your own business you are then. And we decided to stop and have a treatment on the spot.

Enсоnсed in a huge, downy, more-than-comfortable arm-chair in one of the pink-wooded booths with their yellow hangings we found ourselves in rapport with the treatment from the very start. For this young person firmly believes with us that the chin line is the danger line of beauty for American women. We haven't been able to figure out why this is so, but we do go to pieces around the chin more quickly than the Europeans. And there is nothing more fatal to the look of youth than a full or puffy or stringy under-chin even the slightest droop adds several years to one's appearance. We remember the incomparable Lina Cavalieri in her beauty book emphasizing this and saying "the jawbone should keep its thin fine edge to the end of life. The nearer it is like a razor edge in sharpness the nearer you are to keeping the facial line of youth."

So these treatments watch out mercilessly for the least sign of relaxed muscles, even in the young. There is an intensity of sharp patting concentrated on these, and the method of the skilled strong fingers of the operators is one of the features of the place. All the creams are patted in. And for use at home there is a "Patter," a special invention made of rubber so that it can be washed, ergo sanitary. There was much ice used in the treatment. There was a most interesting "Circulation Ointment" that burned and tingled and brought color to the cheeks and vivified the neck . . . Our space is shortened . . . we haven't room to detail every phase of the procedure, but we must get in a mention of the delightful "Orange Flower Tonic" . . . As for the "Russian Astringent" . . . Simply marvellous that! Like nothing else of its kind . . . We hope to tell you! Did Miss Wood say she'd guarantee we would never regret our visit! Meeting the "Russian Astringent" was one of the two great moments of our life.

(For the name of the beauty establishment where these unusual treatments and preparations, the Circulation Cream, the Orange Flower Tonic, and the Russian Astringent may be found, write The Vanity Box, Care of the THEATRE MAGAZINE, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.)

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BONDS

SHORT TERM NOTES

ACCEPTANCES

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PL

(Continued from page 301)

notably successful. It is only when the play comes to an occasional halt and sundry and irrelevant soliloquies and monologues are introduced bearing remotely or directly on the question of licker that the Sun Dial "fan" is rewarded with any suggestion that the Old Soak he has loved these many moons has verily come to life!

It will be interesting to observe whether the feelings of the public at large are scandalized by the picture of a drunken old reprobate as hero of a play and a teetotaler deacon as its villain. The world has long worshipped its "old soaks" of the stage. Since Rip, they have lived long and prospered, and it is a question now whether the underlying psychology of prohibition is to affect the ancient loyalty. If not, the Hopkins and Marquis coffers should be liberally rewarded for the joint condescension to popular taste. For, on its face, "The Old Soak" seems to be exactly the sort of stuff to give 'em!

The play finds the Old Soak in the bosom of his family. Prohibition has caused him to abandon his business in order better to apply himself to the higher task of getting the whiskey he loves. Surreptitiously now, lonely—fallen back on the sole companionship in sin of Al, the bootlegger, and Nellie, a housemaid with a sympathetic thirst, the Old Soak takes his drink where he finds it. Comes trouble to his house in the shape of a worthless son who steals. To save Mother the pain of disillusionment in the boy, the Old Soak whose standing is hopelessly low at home anyhow, shoulders blame for the larceny. An ancient device certainly, but always effective in its homely, old-fashioned way so far as the over-grown children "out front" are concerned. Drama follows thick and fast (happily interrupted every now and then by disreputable little scenes that have to do with the Old Soak's way of taking the rough corners off the day) to an admirably written and played moment in the last act during which the Old Soak faces the hypocritical deacon who has lured his son further into misdoing and shrewdly causes said deacon to adjust the difficulties he has created.

The piece is superbly played by Harry Beresford, Minnie Dupree, Robert McWade and Eva Williams. Beresford's characterization of the Old Soak is a sheer delight, and, incidentally, far nearer the original Sun Dial Soak in spirit than the play itself. McWade, a surpassingly good actor always, lends substance to the conventional rôle of the deacon, and Miss Williams is a whole show in herself as Nellie, the maid with the thirst. Charles LeGuere is very bad as the ne'er-do-well son.

So This Is London!

A new comedy by Arthur Goodrich produced August 30th at the Hudson

Theatre by George M. Cohan with the following cast:

Hiram Draper (Junior), Donald Gall; Eleanor Beauchamp, Marie Carroll; Amy Ducksworth, Lily Cahill; Ida Draper, Edmund Breen; Mrs. Draper, Leah Winslow; A Flunkie Ritz, Edward Jephson; Sir Percy Champ, Lawrence D'Orsay; Lady Champ, Marion Grey; Alfred Hone Wallace Widdicombe; Thomas, John Troughton; Jennings, Robert Vivian.

AN effort at satire which becomes a pure burlesque before it covers the amusing entertainment which has come to stay—probably a long time—at the Hudson Theatre. How much Goodrich and how much Cohan there is in the play—always a question suggested by a play produced but not authored by the doubtful George—one cannot say. As usual, one can only surmise the results that the most expert nician in the art of "sure-fire" had a large finger in the "So This Is London!" pie before he had finished with it. And, in consequence, the show is diverting and one surely to be as soon as the two or three best things in town have been disposed.

Mr. Goodrich's idea was to demonstrate to both the Englishman and the American the folly of cultivating and cherishing an exaggerated idea of the stupidities and vulgarities of the other. To suit his purpose he created a romance between the daughter of a Yankee millionaire and the daughter of a British aristocrat. Fathers of the youngsters bitterly oppose the match on national grounds, and the lovers seek to remove the stacle of blind prejudice by having their parents meet and really discuss each other.

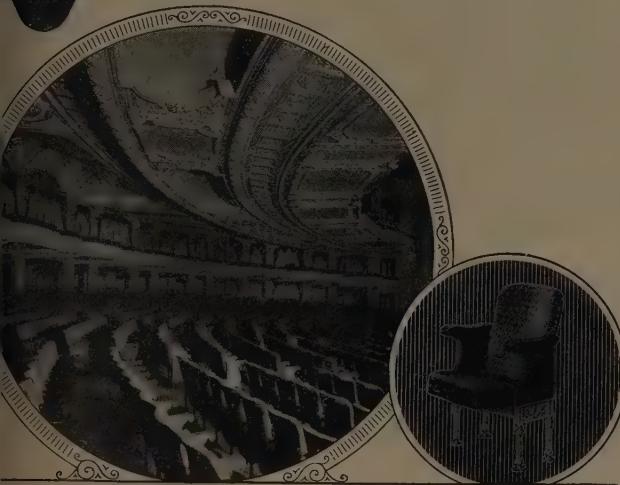
The Endless Chain

A new play by James Forbes produced September 4th at the Hudson Theatre by A. L. Erlanger with the following cast:

Nellie Webb, Olive May; Vera Page, Martha Mayo; Lulu Densmore, Vera Lare; Amy Reeves, Margaret Lawrence; Kenneth Reeves, Kenneth MacKenna; Valentine Webb, Kenneth Hunter; Billy Moore, Harry Stubbs; Andrew Hale, Minton.

ICAN only shed a tear when I think of the glories that were "The Show Shop's" and "The Charming Lady's" and then think of the dry and unreal creation that has come from the same pen. "The Endless Chain" is a dull sermon during which a playwright, of sufficient reputation to make listening to him almost a necessity, worse luck! sits on the lights and paints the picture of a world in which all men are aiding business by their wives who are turn involved prostititionally with men they have lured on to the detriment of hubby's affairs.

(Continued on page 342)



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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PI

(Continued from page 340)

The whole proceeding smacks heavily of Dr. Forbes' saying to himself ever so deliberately, "Now I will write the play I've been waiting to write!" Its only outcome, apart from seriously damaging his reputation was to vastly augment that of Margaret Lawrence who made even the puppet-part of the young wife seem downright human.

La Tendresse

A drama adapted from the French of **Henry Bataille** and produced September 25th at the Empire Theatre by **Henry Miller** with the following cast:

Monsieur de Cabriac, Elmer Brown; Paul Barnac, Henry Miller; Marthe Dellieres, Ruth Chatterton; Mademoiselle Louise, Marguerite St. John; Aubin, Louis Le Bay; Colette, Elfin Finn; Jacques, William Pearce; The Governess, Norma Havey; Fernal, H. Cooper-Cliffe; Legardier, Edward Mackay; Mlle. Tigraine, Mary Fowler; Carlos Jarry, Sydney Riggs; Count de Jalligny, Jean de la Cruz; Julian d'Ablincourt, William Hanley; Alain Sergyll, Ronald Colman; Guerin, A. G. Andrews; Mlle. Morel, Florence Fair.

HERE is an immensely moving play; Bataille, technically and intellectually one of the few big contributors to contemporaneous drama writing brilliantly and searchingly about needs and emotions that form the keystone of all human nature. Its thematic virility rises in power above any need, to intelligent minds, for the jokes and situations seemingly looked for by a certain element of the critical fold. The soul-introspection developed by its characterizations carries an interest which cannot lag for any being of adult experience who watches his own mind and tendencies perform. It is a great play, one of the greatest in the list of French theatre, and in its American adaptation, produced handsomely and intelligently by Henry Miller, no little of its force survives. I recommend it cordially to those who carry their brains to the playhouse with them, and to those especially who weep at the wretched fictions and distortions of life that pass currently for plays and rake in the dollars.

The story of "La Tendresse" is slight. Barnac, an important French playwright and member of the *Academie* loves profoundly his mistress Marthe Dellieres, a girl very much younger than himself. She loves him in return but it is a love of tenderness which does not entirely satisfy her animal needs, and, still loving him, she betrays him with a youth who is more capable of bringing her physical solace. Barnac learns of the deception and sends her away. Two years later, still bereaved at their parting, they come together again. Barnac looks now only for tenderness and companionship, and she, in her devotion,

him without turning elsewhere.

One wonders as the curtain rises whether he is not clutching a gun and whether perhaps tenderness based in animals of youth and on the spiritual contacts and standings that develop out of keener intimacies. One feels the lad with the blonde hair and the graph book that symbolizes his atrity and willingness to sacrifice waiting outside the door for Marthe who must eventually tell him whether she will or no.

It is powerful stuff, as I have heard, —no pap for milklings; a sort of play for the fellow who expects merely to be entertained. It is not a reflection on his kind; vast sympathy and respect for

Mr. Miller's production is admirable. His own performance as Barnac is short of words to express admiration. It is one of the few on my record where an enormous virile intellectual grasp of the meaning of the rôle failed to impair what its interpretation. I should think, for instance, what the Professor Frank Reicher would say of Barnac. But Miller is stupendous. I am worried by the thought that is not a sufficiently large public for "La Tendresse" to keep him playing the part for years. It is the thing he has done, and that is a great deal.

Miss Chatterton as Marthe quantities to be desired. She is the position of a person who sees the on the tree, knows that it is on the tree, would love to eat it but simply can't reach it. Miss Chatterton tries desperately to be "animal" is to be animal. She is at her best in the last act, full of contrition and love and tenderness, her animal needs far outstripping her mind or desires for the nonce. Comes crawling back. Fortunately, however, the part is one of the beautiful things that rises high in the player and interprets itself to those who listen to it.

The setting is superb. With its adaptation, it preserves spirit and atmosphere. You can feel Paris moving outside the windows. There are a number of characters and little scenes that better have been eliminated. The long to the French stage where cursive drama is more in order, tend to a heaviness which, at the beginning of the play, taken in connection with too dim lighting, creates lugubriousness. But the end of the play and Mr. Miller's performance make any such superficial objection if not excusable at least tolerable. "La Tendresse" may close tomorrow but it will remain in my mind as a triumph.

We go to press too late to permit of further comment upon the Dillinger production of "Loyalties," by John Galsworthy, than that it is a superbly done, and we counsel a visit to it before anything else. A review length next month.



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ARE CURLY HAIRIED GIRLS MORE LOVED THAN THOSE WITH STRAIGHT HAIR?

IT is a fact no observer can miss noticing that discrimination in favor of curly hair begins in baby years. Even the mother often shows a preference. The curly-haired child receives most compliments, even seems to give least trouble. She is her mother's little angel, for all little angels have curly hair.

An English woman, with grim humor, tells a story of how she lost her fiance by accidentally falling overboard on a yachting trip. When she was rescued and pulled back aboard, the curly tresses which her lover always believed were natural, had gone straight and lank. This shattered illusion was too much for the young chap, and their romance evaporated. How much the young woman would have given had she had a Nestlé permanent wave before that fateful boat trip!

Is Straight Hair a Disease?

Straight hair is not contagious, nor a malady, but science pronounces it freakish. That's why fashion never countenanced straight hair. In America 35 million women and girls curl their hair or have it done for them. Over eighty thousand of these had permanent waves this year, double the number of last year. This enormous increase in permanent waving is the result of Mr. Nestlé's discovery: the new Lanoil process—which completely eliminates steaming the hair in borax, pastes and paper tubes. And the heat is reduced by 75%.

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Of the four hundred hairdressers now applying the Lanoil process, one is probably nearby you. If not, just write, for our list, and for particulars of the Nestlé Lanoil Home Outfit at \$15. If after ordering the Home Outfit, and trying it, you are not satisfied, you can return it within thirty days and receive your money back in full. Surely if women are able to have their hair waved at home with the Nestlé Home Outfit, no woman should have the slightest hesitation in visiting a hairdresser who applies the Lanoil wave professionally. No matter how you may wish to acquire the Lanoil wave, our main interest is that you acquire it—for we know from long experience that you will be abundantly satisfied, happier and more attractive afterward.

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The Chess characters grouped around Malcolm La Prade (left), author of "Checkmate," the second in his series of six Chess plays, which are being produced at the Washington Square College, under the direction of Randolph Somerville (right)

Checkmate

By Malcolm La Prade

(Continued from the October Issue)

RED QUEEN

E'en so,

WHITE QUEEN

'Twas

Hast thou no money of thine own?

KING

....

Thy clamor! 'Tis perchance mi

Else why would I have married her?

RED QUEEN

Pish, pish!

Less than an hour ago, I do de

(She tugs at the King's arm.)

(She rushes out again.)

Haste! Bring thy sword, thou

gard!

KING (To Red Queen.)

Pray, at

Once I have calmed her fears I

descend.

(He hurries out. The Pawn e

softly from the other side. He ca

a black velvet purse. The Red Q

turns surprised.)

KING (To Red Queen.)

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KING (To Red Queen.)



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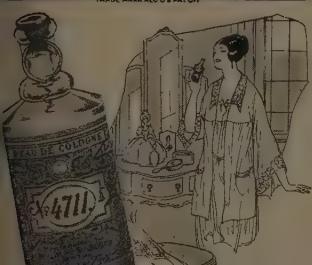
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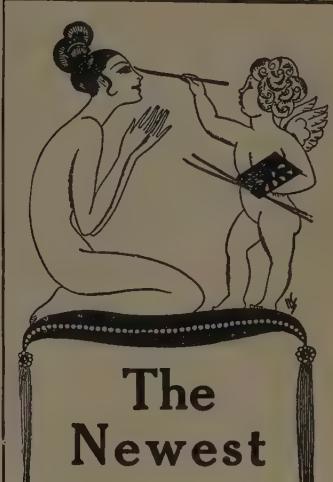
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CHECKMATE

(Continued from page 344)

RED QUEEN
Thy council and advice.

PAWN
But why?

RED QUEEN (Intimately.)
I wish to purchase something nice
In silken hose, and scarce know what
to choose.

I feel thou couldst advise, yet not
abuse
My confidence, for none must ere suspect

A gentleman did aid me to select
My stockings. Come!

PAWN (Drawing back.)
Nay, nay, I would not dare!

I could not brave the shop assistant's
stare.

I'd blush, or by some awkward word
disclose
My inexperience in ladies' hose!

RED QUEEN (Affectionately)
Then must I take thee underneath my
wing,
And teach thee how to do the proper
thing.

To tread a measure with becoming
grace.

Thine arm. (She starts to take the
Pawn's arm.)

PAWN (Reluctantly.)
Nay, nay, I dare not, in this place!

RED QUEEN (Sweetly.)
Wouldst thou refuse?

PAWN
Alack, I know not how!

RED QUEEN
Then follow me, young sir.

(She bows to the Pawn and begins to
dance a stately minuet, the Pawn imi-
tating her clumsily. They circle twice
around the stage. The Pawn gazing at
her in admiration, grows more and
more awkward, shuffling about on his
heels and bowing stiffly with bent
knees. The Queen occasionally favors
him with a ravishing glance. They
finish the dance and the Queen smiles
sweetly at the Pawn.)

RED QUEEN
Well danced! And now,
A man of means must also learn to act
With gallantry; to choose with taste
and tact

A bit of lace or ribbon now and then—
In short, acquire the tricks which mar-
ried men

Employ with charming ladies, when
their wives,
Through lack of understanding, make
their lives

A bore. We'll seek a most exclusive
shop.

(She takes his arm. As she does so
the King enters and stands watching
them.)

PAWN (Hanging back.)
Alas, I've strange misgivings, Madam.

KING
Stop!

Where goest thou with yonder purse
of gold?

RED QUEEN (Quickly.)
Our own affair! Good afternoon, Sir!

KING (Sternly.)

Ho!

Yon bag belongeth to my wife!

RED QUEEN

Indeed

(The Pawn is very uncomfortable. He
looks from one to the other.)

PAWN (To Red Queen.)
He bade me steal the bag himself.

KING

Take heed

Thou fool, and hold thy tongue!

RED QUEEN (Sweetly.)

Nay, nay, say o

PAWN (Bluntly.)

He wished to give thee fifty crown

KING (Furiously.)

Begone

Get hence, thou dolt! I'll settle th
affair!

PAWN (Fearfully.)

Methinks I hear a footstep on the stain
(He rushes to one side and looks off
The Queen, the Queen! She comes!

KING (Grimly.)

So much the wors

For thee! She now shall learn wh
stole her purse!

RED QUEEN (Going to King.)

I counsel thee, My Liege, do not accus
This honest lad, lest thou thyself
shouldst lose
Thy scanty locks. Thy wife would
scarcely agree

That thou shouldst loan these fifty
crowns to me.

(To the Pawn.)

Give me the purse, young sir, lest thou
be seen

With stolen property.

(The Pawn gives her the bag which
she quickly thrusts in her bosom.)

KING

Hist, hist, the Queen

I beg thee, say no more!

(The White Queen comes in wiping
her eyes.)

WHITE QUEEN (To King. Tearfully.)

Alack aday

That thou shouldst let the robber ge
away!

Two hundred crowns with which
thought to buy

My winter wardrobe, stolen!

RED QUEEN

Ah, I sig

For thee! In sooth, how cruel is Fate!

(The Pawn approaches Red Queen
hesitatingly.)

PAWN

Methinks we'd best be off, it growt
late.

RED QUEEN (Haughtily.)

Upon my soul! What meanest thou
by we?

Since when, sir, have I aught to do
with thee?

Thou vaun'st thyself, thou Coxcomb

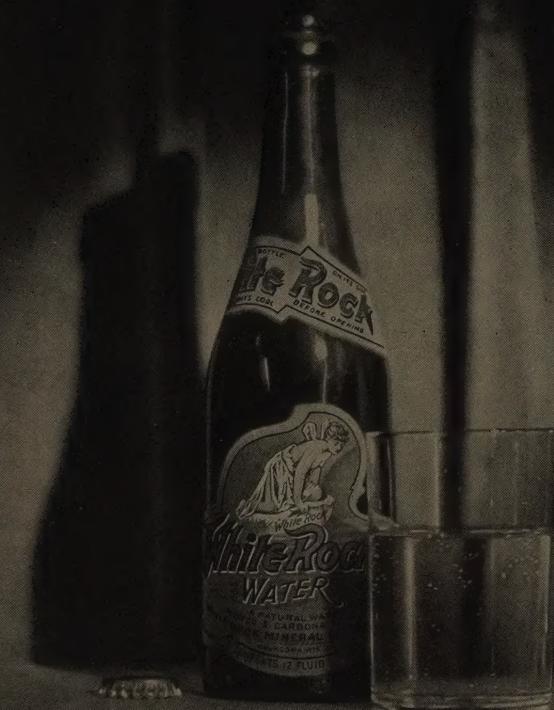
PAWN

Dost forge

A moment since thou promised'st to l

Me go with thee to do thy shopping?

(Continued on page 348)



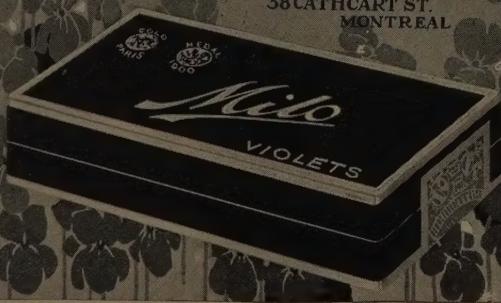
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